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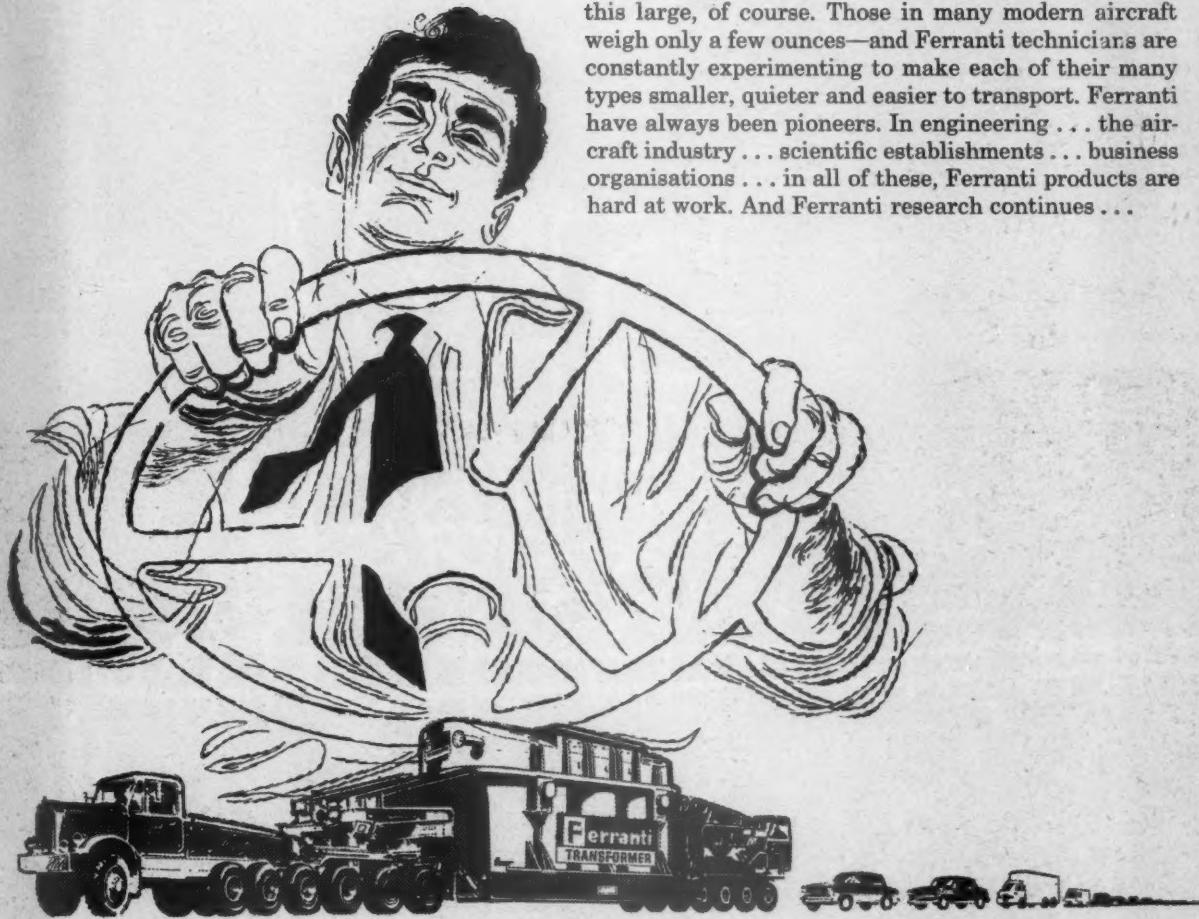


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THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)
As You Like It (Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford)—good production, with Vanessa Redgrave a memorable Rosalind.

Becket (Aldwych)—a winner by Anouilh, well acted. (26/6/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

The Bishop's Bonfire (Mermaid)—shaky late O'Casey, but very entertaining. (2/8/61)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Celebration (Duchess)—facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Goodnight, Mrs. Puffin (Strand)—few comic clichés remain unturned. (26/6/61)

Guilty Party (St. Martin's)—New play by authors of *Any Other Business* begins August 17

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

Jerome Robbins' "Ballets USA" (Saville)—Ends August 19

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

Luther (Royal Court)—John Osborne's new play, with Albert Finney. (9/8/61)

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)

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The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
On the Brighter Side, transferred to Comedy, (19/4/61)
One For The Pot (Whitehall)—New farce.
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
Poetry at the Mermaid (Mermaid)—modern verse read by modern poets.
Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)
The Rehearsal (Globe)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard II (Apollo)—new Youth Theatre production.
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashingly dotty. (31/5/61)
Romeo and Juliet (Royal Shakespeare Theatre)—Stratford. New production.
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T.E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
Sammy Davis, Jr. (Prince of Wales)—American entertainer, begins August 21
The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
Stop the World, I Want to Get Off (Queen's)—Newley's patchily good musical satire. (26/7/51)
Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)
Wildest Dreams (Vaudeville)—New Slade/Reynolds musical.
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)
You Prove It (St. Martin's)—new comedy. (5/7/61)

REP SELECTION

Birmingham Rep. **The Love of Four Colonels** until September 2.
Theatre Royal, Lincoln. **The Caretaker**, until August 19
Derby Playhouse. **Relative Values**, until August 26.
Colchester Rep. **Murder at Quay Cottage**, until August 19.

CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)
Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Breathless (Academy)—French (*A Bout de Souffle*): petty crook on the run, stealing, bashing, loving unpredictably. Very "new wave," but entertaining even for lowbrows. (19/7/61)
La Dolce Vita (Berkeley)—The sweet life in Rome, on every level. Very loose and episodic, variously entertaining and shocking; basically moral. Not yet dubbed—*verb. sap.* (21/12/60)
East of Eden (Warner)—Reissue: Steinbeck's modern (period 1917) adaptation of the Cain-Abel story, with James Dean. (20/7/55)
Eroica (Academy, late night show)—Polish: two separate stories (one amusing, one serious, both impressive) about the Warsaw Rising of 1944. (26/7/61)

CONTINUED ON PAGE IX



SIR PHILIP WARTER REVIEWS PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENTS

The 34th annual general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation Limited was held on August 11 in London, Sir Philip Warter (the Chairman) presiding.

In his statement which had been circulated to members, Sir Philip said that the Net Profit of the Corporation for the year ended 31st March, 1961, showed a substantial improvement over that for the previous year and was very nearly as high as the record achieved in 1959.

He added: The cinemas have done substantially better due to the remission of Entertainments Duty and Television, following on the re-organisation, has improved its business.

In the year under review £3,016,629 of the Group Trading Profit of £5,717,282 was contributed by Television and £2,700,653 arose from the Production, Distribution and Cinema Sections of the business. The Board is recommending a total dividend of 60% for the year, and has also decided to recommend a Bonus issue of one-for-one so as to bring the issued Ordinary Capital more into line with the Capital employed in the business.

The Net Profit of the Group before taxation amounted to £4,929,959 a rise of £1,979,132 on last year's figure of £2,950,827. The Net Profit Available amounted to £2,543,937.

Commenting on Film Production and Distribution, Sir Philip said: Since the formation of the Company Elstree Studios have been an important factor in British film production and during the year under review they have been fully employed in making feature films for the home and overseas markets.

The Chairman then referred to A.B.C. Cinemas, and said that much of the improvement in the cinema trading during the year had been due to the abolition of Entertainments Duty in the 1960 Budget. That improvement, however, was only significant if they could be certain that the fall in attendance figures was levelling off.

During the year we opened Bowling Centres in Dagenham, Essex and Wyke Green, Birmingham, and we are commencing conversion of cinemas at Leytonstone, and Levenshulme, both of which will be opened during the current year.

We have long-term plans covering a number of other situations and although we regard Bowling as a promising venture, the extent of our development in this field will be determined in the light of our experience.

ABC Television has a particular difficulty, unlike other Programme Contractors, in that it is restricted to the provision of programmes on Saturdays and Sundays and, as a result, has found it necessary to provide facilities which in themselves would be capable of a much wider field of operation. In our Evidence to The Committee on Broadcasting we have made this quite clear and have said that we would hope to have the opportunity of undertaking wider responsibilities after 1964.

Referring to the current year, Sir Philip said: So far, business both in the cinemas and in television, is being maintained on a comparable basis with last year.

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION LIMITED

30/31 Golden Square, London, W.1

A & FUSSB GROUP press for white-collar status



Following the 'if you can't beat it, buy it' announcement by the General Secretary of the Amalgamated and Federated Union of Shoe-Shine Boys (he was speaking of the new Ronson Roto-Shine electric shoe polisher) we learn that a splinter group within the union is pressing for white-collar status.

Members of the group, all of whom are using the Ronson Roto-Shine with great success, claim that the idea of their job as one with 'grubby hands and a sweaty brow' is quite out of keeping with modern trends.

'We are white-collar (and cuffs) workers now' they state 'and we are simply asking for the kind of recognition this implies'.

'The claim is premature' a union spokesman told me. 'When all members are using this revolutionary Ronson Roto-Shine shoe polisher — then we will press forward as a united body'.



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Punch, August 16 1961

CONTINUED FROM PAGE VII

Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)

The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

Infidelity (Cameo-Poly)—Reviewed this week. **The King and I** (Metropole)—Reissue of the 1956 success with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. (26/9/56)

The Kitchen (International Film Theatre)—From Arnold Wesker's play; most effective in its fun and character, least in its philosophizing. (26/7/61)

The Last Sunset (Leicester Square—ends 16th)—Good conventional Western, visually splendid. (9/8/61)

Moderato Cantabile, or Seven Days... Seven Nights (Paris-Pullman)—Peter Brook's French film: the story of a love-affair subtly implied. (19/7/61)

Othello (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian; a ballet version.

Private Property (Compton)—Well-done story of a coldly planned seduction. (23/11/60)

The Queen of Spades (Royal Festival Hall, Sundays till Sept. 10)—Russian: pleasing colour film of Tchaikovsky's opera. (9/8/61)

La Récréation (Gala-Royal)—Françoise Sagan story: American girl (Jean Seberg) at school in Versailles has an affair with an older man. Rather obvious.

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinema in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

Two Women (Continentale)—Strong, vivid performance by Sophia Loren in ill-balanced version of Alberto Moravia's novel. (9/8/61)

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea (Carlton—ends 16th)—Science fiction in colour and Cinema-Scope; roaring spectacular nonsense with unintentionally funny lines.

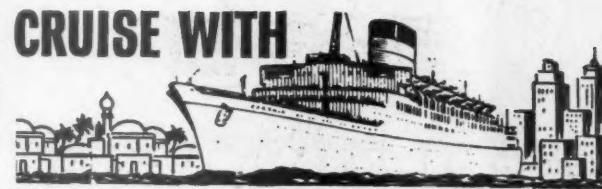
SHOPS



Until August 26 there is a demonstration in Harrods' Central Hall of screen-printing and hand-rolling of scarves. Just opened is this store's Fur Fabric Coat department. Also now open is Bourne and Hollingsworth's new fifth floor restaurant, with an adjacent "market square," offering fruit, flowers and home-made cooking.

From Paris Marshall and Snelgrove have the latest handbag and table scent sprays in Limoges and crystal. Continental "long look" handbags are now at Dickins & Jones in various materials, including horsehair. Their jewellery department is highlighting gilt chains and necklaces. Peter Robinson keep in step with their exclusive Parisian gilt costume jewellery. The Strand branch has new French-designed tea towels cum wall panels; also a selection of table linens in varied colours. All branches have summer scarves and complementary umbrellas. Latest shade in men's nylon umbrellas at Hector Powe's

CONTINUED ON PAGE XII



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PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6309 August 16 1961



Edited by
Bernard Hollowood

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*For overseas rates see page 264.

Charivaria

THREE escaped prisoners, on being recaptured, are alleged to have said, respectively, "All right, I'll come quiet," "All right, I'll climb out" and "All right, I've got nothing." You may think that's a bit too much of all right, but put yourself in a fugitive's place. Could you say "I'll come quiet" or "I'll climb out" without some sort of defensive, or cautionary, or philosophical prefix? Of course you couldn't, any more than an Army lecturer could start a lecture without uttering the single, traditional, word "Right!" Fortunately, the self-discipline of judges is exceptional, or they would long ago have been saying "All right, seven years."

On the Meter

AT Harlow they have installed parking meters at tennis courts to regulate the duration of games. I have always thought that hotel bathrooms should be metered, to say nothing of telephone boxes; and a man I know wants to install meters beside the more favourably placed armchairs in his



club. Sooner or later we shall have meters at the tables of night clubs, to remind the customer that it is fifteen minutes since he ordered a bottle of bubbly, thus sparing the hostess one of the minor embarrassments of her trade.

Oh, Noisy Bells be Dumb

FREE psychiatric treatment has been granted by their employers to Los Angeles supermarket clerks collapsing

under the strain of ringing up the cash registers all day. It is probably the pinging noise rather than the arithmetic that gets them down. Pavlov did fiendish things with bells but this at least proved something about animal stimuli and the unhappy dogs had no threepence-off-this-week complications to take into account, let alone house detectives prowling about among the customers to spread a general air of malaise.

Lands of Song

"CAMELS on the Way to the Opera" said *The Times*, reporting from Beirut and successfully



striking a strange note. The nearest we get to that is the dinner-jacketed husbands entraining from Victoria for Glyndebourne on these hot afternoons. They all look as if they've got the hump.

All in the Mind

THE Boston University Human Relations Centre has been studying nurses, some of whom must be a very fine study for anyone interested in improving human relations, and has discovered that they respond to dependency in other people. The sicker you are, by and large, the better they like you, and ordinary walking wounded make them suffer from "lack of psychic reward," or even "a blurred self-image." People are always going into hospital to have some minor ailment put right and coming out complaining



"I wanted to watch my baby being born but Matron's slapped on a five-guinea viewer's licence."

of the iron discipline. This problem could easily be solved if, on their arrival, they were injected with something to make them a good bit sicker. Then everyone would be happy.

One-Way Pendulum

I FEEL uncommonly sorry for the lady who, according to the *Medical Press*, is sometimes attacked by the feeling that all the roads in her town have been turned through an angle of 180° in a horizontal plane, so that every road seems to lead away from its real destination and all the houses and shops are on the wrong side of the street. But I wonder if it's occurred to her that all that has really happened is that Mr.



"Would you mind telling the Secretary of our Investment Club I've resigned?"

Marples has been having a go at her local traffic?

False Front

WHEN will people learn that things are not what they seem? Raiders in bathing trunks made a big haul at a San Francisco store and got away with it because, as the clerk in charge replied to their challenge, "Robbers don't wear swim suits." But they do; the Assyrian habitually comes down like a wolf in sheep's clothing on the fold. Even here in reactionary olde Englannde (home of Raffles, remember) we give poor old gentlemen in invalid chairs cosy corners in the guard's van so that they can up and clobber the guard and rob the mail the moment the train gets moving.

To Coin a Phrase

THE conference of thirty-odd "uncommitted" nations due to meet in Belgrade next month ought to do something towards clearing up the world situation. At least we shall know when their communiqué comes out who they have decided to be uncommitted against.

Nearly Out of the Wool

THE Wool Textile Delegation is right to embark on a campaign to create "a new image of wool." What is the image of wool that we ignorant people have nowadays? You wear it next to the skin, usually in the form of long combinations. You go gathering it. You pull it over people's eyes. Tories are dyed in it. It is true that the Bible gives us "as white as wool," but the detergent advertisers haven't got round to that passage yet. What is needed is a set of new phrases in which wool shows up in a gayer light. "My dear, she was as bright as wool!" "You can't make a woollen bikini out of a sow's ear." "I wouldn't be in her place for all the wool in Bradford." Drop remarks like this into Jim's Inn, get the girls in Ward 10 to swap them with the patients, and in no time wool will be the last word in chic.

Sackcloth, Ashes, Etc.

BY a slip of the typewriter last week I attributed Mr. Anthony Hartley's article about putting the United Nations into Berlin to Mr. John Foster. Let me now acknowledge its true origin.

Refer to Drawer

A MANHATTAN dentist accepts paintings instead of money for his services to artists and has thus built up a £50,000 collection. The tariff must demand some fine adjustment. Any old Dignity and Impudence job, presumably, is good enough for a routine inspection and scaling but a tricky extraction under anaesthetic merits something to send up bidding in the salerooms. From unscrupulous patients who have settled their bills with showy fakes by Van Meegeren there can be no process of recovery but they can be noted for special treatment next time.

Age of Speed

AT Paddington there is a big illuminated advertisement about the jobs you can get on British Railways, including that of a stenographer, who, it is said, helps to speed the communications of the railways. "Take a fog-schedule, Miss Smith" one can see the man saying, or "What became of that letter asking why a crate of boots consigned to Glasgow from Bristol has been sitting at Dawlish for a month?" Next Lent I'm going to give up laughing at British Railways.

Merrie England

A PLAN to operate mounted patrols in woods near Brighton, as a precaution against hooligans, follows the inauguration of mounted patrols in Epping Forest as a precaution against sex maniacs; which shows how our security arrangements have improved since the disorderly days of Sherwood. I hope the "Come to Britain" people will make use of these developments. "The only vacation-land patrolled day and night by men, horses and dogs, a friendly land where your womenfolk are 95 per cent safe . . . PS. Even if they crack your skull, Britain repairs it free."

The Law is a Hass

"I to rule," said Mr. Scott of the ETU, referring to the union's dispute with BOAC, "they would not get an aircraft into the air." Perhaps it is rather a radical thing to say, but if this is so, mustn't it mean that the rules are terribly silly?

— MR. PUNCH



WHY NOT?

It has been proposed that the transfer of UN Headquarters to Berlin would guarantee the freedom of the city.



PET AVERSIONS

5—RELIGION

By MONICA FURLONG

MONICA FURLONG, born 31 years ago and has been a Christian (Anglican branch) for the last ten. Cheerful, amiable, pretty. Suffers from children, genteel poverty and a collector's stammer. Earliest known work, written at the age of seven, was called "Oriel of Honeysuckle Farm."

FROM the Epilogue and the *Sunday Break*, from *Lift Up Your Hearts* and the *Silver Lining*, from Portland Place piety and Commercial crudity, Good Lord deliver us.

From Godfrey Winn and the *Daily Express*, from Saturday Reflections and Norman Vincent Peale, from the Dean of Canterbury and Canon Collins, Good Lord . . .

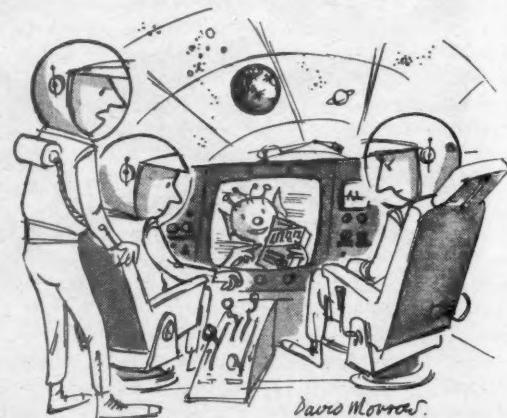
Yes, but these things have all been said before, some of them with wicked accuracy at the Fortune Theatre, and nearly all of them have by now, in any case, acquired a period charm. My own boggling now takes place along different lines. The Christian manifestations which make me feel as if the hair is slowly rising on my head, the while someone insists on knocking me on the funny-bone, scratching my fingernails along a distempered wall and operating an electric drill immediately beside my left ear, are up a different alley.

The worst of them usually come from a failure to grasp that Christianity is a very dull religion. "The reason that I am a Christian," said Chesterton, "is because it is such fun," but one is bound to admit he was sacrificing truth for effect. The thrills and spills of conversion and martyrdom apart, it is an undramatic business; nothing there, really, for an extrovert to get his teeth into. One knows it and loves it, lives in it and by it and for it, yet the monotony of many of its practices and the vacuum of feeling in which its adherents hang suspended for months at a time are undeniable. It is, and is meant to be, a humdrum, everyday affair. It is of the order of bread-and-butter, family life, home, sex-in-marriage and old clothes. It is not of the order of champagne, life in a fast set, beautiful mysterious strangers and glamour. It is, in short, a very adult religion, and as such a little dull.

It follows, therefore, that some of the worst travesties of it are perpetrated by those hell-bent on livening it up. Let me make it clear what I am talking about. I don't mean those who are trying to make religion more real. I am not sniping at General Booth and his brass bands, or Geoffrey Beaumont and his Folk Mass, or Canon Southcott and his house-churches. These people had and have a natural genius for simplicity; they are men with a talent for seeing the obvious way of setting about Christian worship in the idiom of the day and going ahead and doing it. I was thinking rather of those scattered to some extent throughout all the churches (though more it must be admitted in one wing of it than another) who are never content until everyone has been whipped into a lather of sensation, or at second-best, indignation. It might be argued that in Britain we do not suffer from these as much as they do in some other countries. We don't have snake-handling ceremonies, or religious orgies, and our gospelling seldom reaches boiling-point. In this country Christian sensationalists are noticeable from the noise they make over conversion and from their willingness to precipitate conversion in an atmosphere of crowds, music and guilt. They don't seem altogether easy in their minds about sex, and indeed most forms of gaiety set them worrying to distraction. They suffer from a conviction that the world is going to pot, and that all of us are much naughtier than we used to be. They harp a good deal on the H-bomb (the modern equivalent of hell-fire) and have no scruples about using our fear and insecurity as a lever to automate conversion. It seems to me that we should treat such people with reserve, if not actually warning them that anything they say will be taken down and will certainly be used in evidence on the Dreadful Day.

But my aversion to the Christian sensationalists is as nothing to my feelings about the Christian nationalists.

"Highly though a Church may value its own specific tenets, the value of National Christianity is higher still," said *The Times* in 1943, thus making a remarkable ass of itself as well as reminding the perceptive of the disastrous record of the German Lutheran Church in the 'thirties. National religion in this country, less tragically situated, appears to express



"I somehow wonder if it's worth going on."

"Dobson! Why the hell aren't you in a trouble spot?"



itself in cold baths, hearty sing-songs, rude nor'easters and rugger-playing chaplains. Somehow it manages serenely to miss the point of the Anglican Communion, not to mention of Christianity. Christian nationalists believe that God speaks English, that the Christian virtues are the British ones writ large, and that the real difference between us and the Roman Catholics is not so much a matter of doctrine as the fact that they are foreign, and Eycete-foreign at that. The only appealing feature of the Christian nationalists' credo is their Second Great Commandment (the first contains their duty towards their country): "Thou shalt love thy animal as thyself."

But Christian nationalism, like other forms of jingoism, is dying a merciful death. A much more nauseating sport, and one which gains in popularity with every passing week, is that of finding small useful jobs about the place that we think God might conveniently do for us. Juvenile delinquency, alcoholism, the early maturity of adolescents, the agonies of the affluent—someone is always suggesting that these things might offer a promising opening for a God who hopes to better Himself. That it is disrespectful to God to see Him merely as a machine for turning the anti-social into amiable middle-class citizens seems rarely to occur. Personally I would question whether this is the effect that

getting religion would have on the awkward squad. It might turn them into bowler-hatted civil servants, of course. But then again it might equally easily have the effect of turning them into critical, eccentric saints, forever talking one's hind leg off about penitence and love. You can't tell. What is quite certain is that whatever the full page ads. about ideology may tell you, Thou shalt not use the Lord thy God as a handy brick to throw at the Communists. It is even possible that He loves them as much as He loves MRA.

Once you start elbowing God it is inevitable that you come to think less and less of Him, and finally turn thankfully to do-it-yourself religion. Do-it-yourself religion is always lying around waiting to be picked up in the bottom of the old Pelagian elephant-pit, and consists of believing that one can have all the virtues if one works hard, plays hard, and avoids alcohol and beautiful women. The only trouble is that wine and women are so ubiquitous that it takes a terrible amount of effort to keep a *mens sana*, and psychosomatic medicine being what it is, one's *corpus* is often in a poor state too. And even if one does get peppered with virtues like scout badges, it is a little annoying to notice that others don't seem to give a hoot for acquiring them, but being sound Augustinians to a man are bent on whisky and whooping it up. Do-it-yourself religion inevitably sours one's temper and

puts one off other people; it is really better to praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.

Sooner or later one's aversions take on a personal note and some of mine pop aggressively through the letter-box almost every morning. To go into print as a Christian of any colour is to reap a whirlwind of mail from madmen, humanists, agnostics, atheists and bigots. The madmen are quite nice and I am always heartened when I get a letter that begins "Believe it or not, but the secrets of God's Modern Universe are lying in the loft of 24 Cromwell Lane, Battersea, awaiting collection by the Pope or his staff" but most of my correspondents do not strike this amiable note. The really grisly ones address me by my name without any prefix and quiver with hatred, spelling mistakes and bad syntax. One can, of course, simply throw the things in the waste-paper basket, but a Jewish journalist who suffers along similar lines himself once taught me the perfect riposte. One writes a reply of elaborate courtesy, the contents of which merely list the grammatical and spelling errors and gently suggest amendments. Unfortunately, however, the most abusive are usually anonymous.

Paradoxically, one of the worst of contemporary religious abuses coincides with the beautiful, exotic flowering of ecumenicalism. Nothing cheers me more than the knowledge that no one expects me to spit in the eye of Roman Catholics or Free Churchmen any more, but the spoilers have got at this

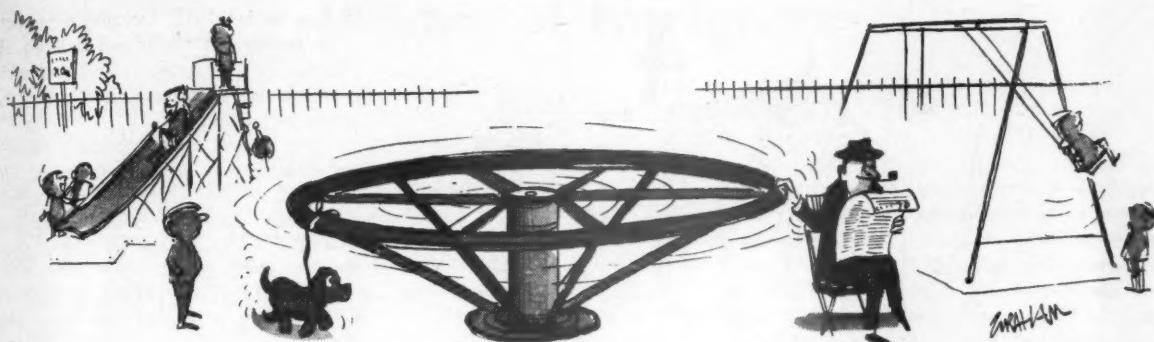
too. There are plenty of people about trying to suggest that we should put a layer of woolly-mindedness over the sharp intellectual cutting-edges of our various denominations. Instead of begging us to take things quietly (wounds of up to 400 years duration do not heal in five minutes after all) and simply enjoy one another's new-found company while we pick over our doctrinal eccentricities in peace, they are all for forcing us into each other's arms and a fig for our inhibitions. Why honesty should cease to be the best policy when it comes to religion, nobody explains.

And still one's aversions keep on coming: the friends who, if one makes the slightest reference to what one believes, complain bitterly that one is trying to convert them: the unbelievers who raise boring and illiterate objections on the level of who it was that Adam's sons married: Christians who, in all sincerity, are shocked by four-letter words, drink, sex and Sunday polo: Christians who are qualified physicists and who maintain a fundamentalist view of the Bible: door-step evangelists: the Athanasian Creed: Margaret Tarrant's pictures: Dr. Bronowski. In one of his dramatising moods, St. Paul would doubtless have called these things thorns in the flesh, and even in the penicillin age, I can't think of a better description. Does anyone happen to have a lion around who's a dab-hand with the tweezers?

Next week: Literature, by Margaret Lane



"A man can be lonely in a crowd, Yasmin."



A Matter of Cosmic History

By H. F. ELLIS

ONE of the difficulties about learning history in my day was that important parts of it had to wait for a kind of hotch-potch or clearing-up chapter interlarded every hundred years or so. What I mean, in case that is not intelligible, is that one read a great deal about Henry II, Bannockburn, the Star Chamber, Philip of Spain, executions, Palmerston, Schleswig-Holstein, Papal bulls, the Lollards or as the case might be, and only afterwards—even after that dreadful chapter about Ireland—discovered that the really epoch-making event of the times was the rise of the wool trade or the invention of logarithms. Information of this kind, about what people were really doing, what interested and affected them most, was held back for a special section called "England under the Tudors" or "Science, Art and Literature in the Eighteenth Century." History got badly split in this way, so that a real mental effort was necessary to knit up weaving looms with, say, the Treaty of Utrecht.

Major Titov's achievement is only the latest in a series of events that convinces me that future historians will not be able thus to divorce political history from what may be broadly termed Progress. An advantage of what I suppose, if the cold war goes on long enough, will be known as the Fifth Ice Age is that inventions and discoveries, new technological achievements, and even such purely "social"

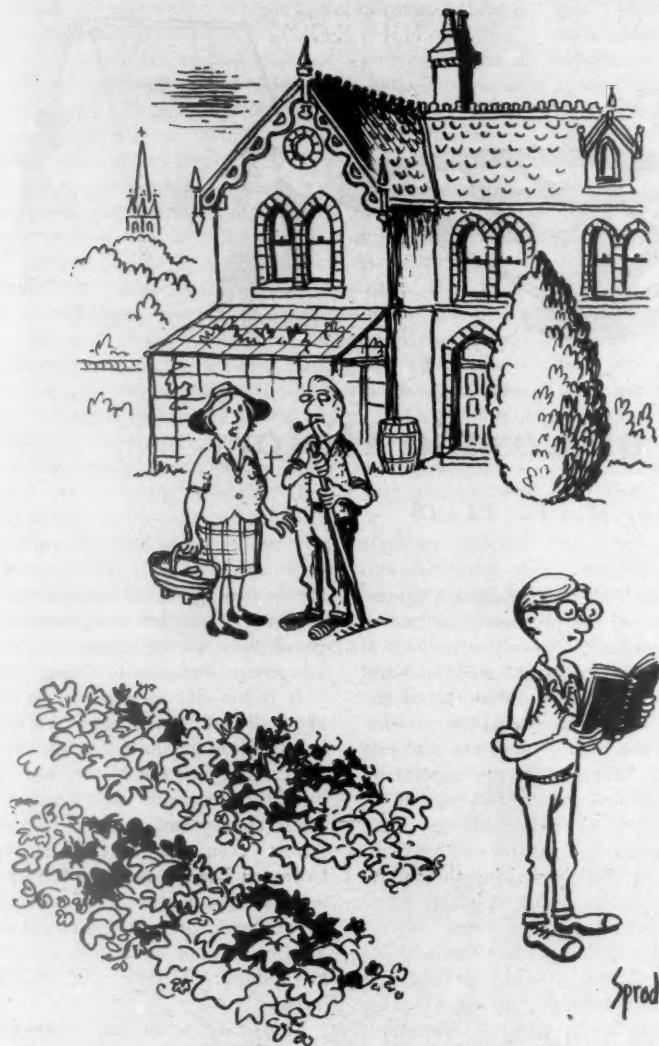
matters as trade and production figures, are a part of the prestige game and so highly political. Nobody who went to the Soviet Exhibition at Earl's Court and read all those huge notices about the number of sheep in Siberia can question that. When men or dogs are shot into orbit the "timing," if my experts on Soviet Affairs are to be trusted, is all-important. The Chancelleries of the West cannot but run to and fro with grave faces, hastily revising their portfolios, when the voice of Major Titov comes down to them from directly overhead; nor do I see how the histories that will one day chronicle our times can fail to integrate technology into the main text, with such marginal paragraph headings as "Russia Achieves 24-hour Orbit. USA Agrees to Negotiate on Berlin." There will be no relegating of rocketry to an Appendix.

Looking back, it seems odd to me that in our own great age of technological progress we made such poor political use of our inventive genius. I can find no indication that Metternich, to pick a name out of the hat, was dismayed at the news that George Stephenson's rocket had reached a speed of thirty-five miles an hour, or that Louis XV shook in his shoes in 1767 when informed that Hargreaves had invented an eight-spindle spinning jenny, exclaiming dejectedly (in French) "I see no hope of our getting more than six spindles into action before the early part of 1770." Yet the foreseeable consequences of

these two great achievements were immense, fraught with tremendous possibilities in the spheres of finance and power. Perhaps our timing was bad.

It is too late in any case to bother about all that now. What we have to do, in our role of committed bystander, is to understand that the history now being made is no longer divisible into chapters. Such conceptions as the balance of power, even in terms of stockpiled hydrogen bombs, need no longer concern us. What matters now is the balance of prestige, expressed in manned orbits. This balance, or imbalance, now stands as follows: USSR, 18; USA 3 (approx.)

This may seem an unsatisfactory picture to contemplate from a Western point of view, and so it is. Nor is there much chance, from what I read, of an early improvement. By the time the Americans have a man in full orbit Russia will probably have ten; and when America catches up to that figure Soviet Majors will be departing and returning in such numbers that Mr. Khrushchev will be forced to ration his kisses. When the first American lands on the moon he is likely to have the mortification of being shown round by half a dozen unbelievably handsome Russians. To all this, and to its inevitable effects on the right to free access to Berlin, we must learn to accustom ourselves. In the long run, one may hope, the affair will adjust itself. Russia herself was once a long



"I rather think he's reached an age when we ought to let him pollinate the marrows."

way behind in the atom bomb market, yet battled her way to equality with the aid of a few selfless traitors. One of her cosmonauts will one day bring his ship down in the West, hoping for a paternal embrace from Mr. Kennedy,* and give the Americans a short cut to the secret of landing in ploughed fields. No country can ever remain permanently ahead in any field of technological endeavour.

But what to do meanwhile? Is there no way of redressing, however slightly, the adverse balance of prestige? I

*Mr. Mort Sahl may use this, if he wishes to vary his repertoire.

believe there is. American cosmonauts must be content to remain at a disadvantage for the present in sheer orbit-appeal; they can hardly hope to outdo their rivals in looks, modesty, bearing, composure, happy home lives, or physical condition on landing. But they can easily be more communicative, as soon as they have anything to communicate. From Major Titov the following revelations about his experience have so far reached a waiting world. Space is wonderful. The earth looks beautiful and "by the way" has the form of a globe. The stars looked brighter, and the sun was too

bright to look at. Oceans, continents and mountains were visible from up there. The spaceship is a very cleverly constructed machine. He saw a lot from its portholes.

One has no right to expect poetry, or state secrets, from cosmonauts, but there is an obvious opening for someone who can rise, descriptively and emotionally, above the level of a postcard from Boulogne.

It should also be possible to improve on the post-orbit exchange of compliments:

TITOV: Many thanks, Nikita Sergeevich. I shall try to justify the confidence of the party, and promise to continue to fulfil the loyal duties of a party member, as I have fulfilled them to-day.

KHRUSHCHEV: Did your wife approve of this flight?

TITOV: At first she did not quite approve, but later she did.

KHRUSHCHEV: This is wholly understandable. She wanted her husband to perform an exploit. This exploit might have deprived her of her husband, and therefore she could have had some hesitation. This is a human hesitation, and is understandable to all peoples.

I am not in the confidence of the uncommitted nations, but I believe they might warm to a cosmonaut capable of putting party before universe in a slightly less stilted way—and perhaps also to a leader who could avoid, in moments of high excitement, moralising in the accents of Jane Austen's Mr. Knightley.

In next Wednesday's PUNCH

BORN BEASTLY

a preview of yet another book about the fascination of wild animals

PET AVERSIONS: No. 6—

LITERATURE

by

MARGARET LANE

Beware of Foreigners

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

THE problems raised by the Common Market are not merely economic and constitutional. They are even more deeply moral problems. A commercial traveller in Wales, going to have a shower bath in his hotel in Aberystwyth, turned on the tap and found himself bathing in warm beer. It was on a Sunday morning and at an hour entirely unlicensed by the authorities for the sale and consumption of intoxicating liquor. The hotel-keeper, an Italian, I regret to say, made some absurd excuse about the pipes having got mixed up with one another. The truth is surely all too clear. This liquor which came squirting down so inappropriately from under the rose—what was it but the thin end of the wedge of the Continental Sunday? What guarantee have we, that, if Britain joins the Common Market, we shall not all be drinking beer, or possibly even wine, for our bath-water, on a Sunday morning, as is of course the common custom among foreigners on the Continent?

Already we are threatened with the abolition of the natural English system of weights and measures—of calculations by rods, poles, perches, inches, feet, yards, furlongs, miles, pounds, shillings and pence—and the substitution for it of the absurd and complicated metric system of multiplying and dividing by ten. The purpose of such a so-called reform is clearly that foreigners should be able to discover what is the cost of English goods and to undersell them. Our schoolmasters are already notoriously underworked and overpaid. What will there be left for them to teach if English spelling is simplified and the English system of weights and measures abolished? I suppose that it will be suggested that they should fill in their time by teaching foreign languages.

Now there looms up the worst threat of all. I have before me an Italian paper in which it is asked why if a gentleman wishes to call himself Signor Benn he should in a free country be compelled to call himself Milord

Stansgate and why he should be compelled to sit in the House of Lords if both he and his constituents wish him to sit in the House of Commons. To us the question is of course absurd. The matter has been submitted to the Courts and the judges have given their ruling. Whether the ruling was a sensible ruling is irrelevant. It is the Law and at least it was given by English judges. We stand for the Rule of Law and, if we do not stand for it, how are the lawyers going to get their living?

But suppose that we are to join the Common Market? If we are not very careful that is going to involve us in a surrender of sovereignty, and what will happen then? Will rulings on who shall sit in the House of Lords and who shall sit in the House of Commons and who shall have amateur status at Wimbledon be given then by foreign judges? And, if so, what sort of rulings will they be? These foreign countries have not even got an hereditary House as a part of their democratic processes. What guarantee can we have that they will understand that it is essential to the

preservation of the free way of life that a person should have to be a peer whether he wants to be or not? How can we feel sure that democratic institutions will be safe in the hands of men who may well be unable to see that there are certain circumstances in which it is right to declare that the candidate at the bottom of the poll has been elected in preference to the candidate at the top? The times are serious and it is surely much safer to keep decisions of such a sort in purely English hands.

It is said that the groundsman who prepared the pitch at Manchester was of German origin. The groundsman at Headingley and Lord's were, I am glad to say, English. With the free flow of labour with which we are threatened by the Common Market, who can tell but that the preparation of all pitches will fall into foreign hands? What then will be the future of cricket? We have nothing against foreigners in their place, but it is not their place to take decisions. That is a task which all history shows that it is better that Englishmen reserve for themselves.



" You too, Gregory ! I couldn't do a thing right either."

Food for Thought

By B. A. YOUNG

IT is absolutely splendid news that this new trawler has been ordered which can freeze the fish it catches as it goes along, instead of letting it lie about in the hold at ordinary fish-heat till the long trick's over.

The point about this trawler is that it will convert its catch into fresh fish as soon as it comes out of the water. Perhaps I ought to explain what I mean by "fresh," as the word has nuances that some middle-aged squares may not know about. I was once curious enough to go into a restaurant kitchen to see whether the waiter had been truthful when he told me, sincerity blazing from his eyes like the radiance of old kippers, that my peas were fresh. The kitchen, incidentally, was not at all like Mr. Wesker's kitchen, but quiet and refined, with a faint air of having been designed by Mr. Cecil Beaton. "They're fresh from the *freezer*," the vegetable cook explained. "After all, you don't expect us to loll around all day gouging them out of their silly great pods like a lot of Victorians, do you?"

"What do you call them if they don't come out of a freezer?" I asked him.

"Tinned, of course," he said.

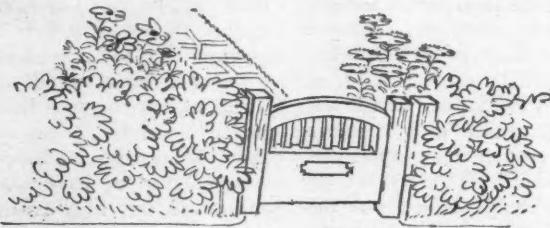
So here is this new trawler, costing half a million pounds, which is going to turn three hundred tons of fish into fresh fish by means of vertical plate freezers before she even gets home into port. And this, I hope, is only a crude beginning, for it seems that as soon as she does get home all the fish is to be melted down again and sold as old-fashioned "wet" fish. Any housewife will tell you that this is leaving half the problem unsolved. If the fish is thawed out in this way, then someone has sooner

or later to go through the tedious business of freezing it up again and cutting it into neat rectangular sections so that it will go into those cardboard cartons that make the kiddies sing so happily when they recognise them on the telly.

Obviously this ought to have been done on board, before the trawler ever reached port. Then the fish, real crisp fresh fish with snow on its fingers, could have been unloaded straight from the holds into refrigerator-wagons ready for the supermarkets.

Still I don't want to carp at this splendid new development. On the contrary, I hope that we shall now see

"Thirty-eight bust, same waist as mine—
who is she?"



The Great Idea

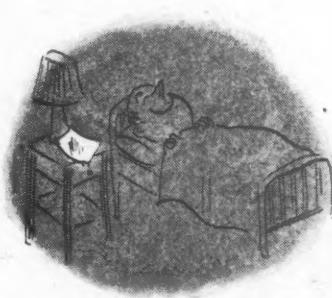
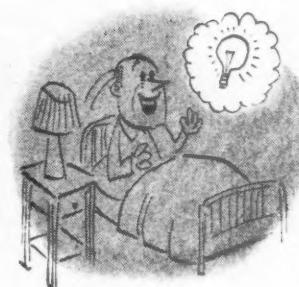


parallel developments in other industries. The first one to come to mind, naturally, is chips.

Some years ago, when I was being driven from Manhattan to Long Island by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's chauffeur—at least, I am not positive that he was Mr. Wodehouse's chauffeur, but at any rate he was driving Mr. Wodehouse's car—I was stimulated to learn that the young man's father was a market-gardener. Somehow the idea of a market-gardener in Long Island had never occurred to me, and I saw myself on the trail of some New York Covent Garden unwritten about in the travel magazines. It turned out, though, that this market-gardener, like all American market-gardeners, sent all his produce to the freezers, to be packaged and presented to the public in a form indistinguishable from frozen fish-fingers until *chambré*.

This is not very practical. The freezing-plant should be right out there next to the potato-groves. In fact, if the horticulturists can manage it, the potatoes ought to be grown actually *in* the deep-freeze, so that they are ready-frozen as soon as they are harvested. Perhaps this is hoping for too much, though; something on the lines of a combine-harvester could be devised, from which the crops will emerge sliced, frozen, yellow-tinted, packed in attractive cartons, and if necessary dehydrated.

Why, in fact, should we be compelled ever again to see our food in its raw unprocessed state? The butcher's shop will be a great deal tidier when the cold room simply contains row on row of boxed porkburgers, muttonburgers, oxburgers, vealburgers, and so on, prepared, on the battery system, in factories sited at the farms. Bread can be manufactured in bulk at the wheat



fields and compressed for ease of handling until required, when it will be inflated from home cylinders of carbonic acid gas. There will be complaints at first from elderly perfectionists with their endless stories of the succulence of the goodies of their youth. (*Mais où sont les quiches d'antan?*) Never mind; a generation is already with us that believes Gruyère to occur naturally in equilateral triangles wrapped in tinfoil.

Meanwhile, God bless this new trawler and all who sail in her.



The Sussex Mysteries

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

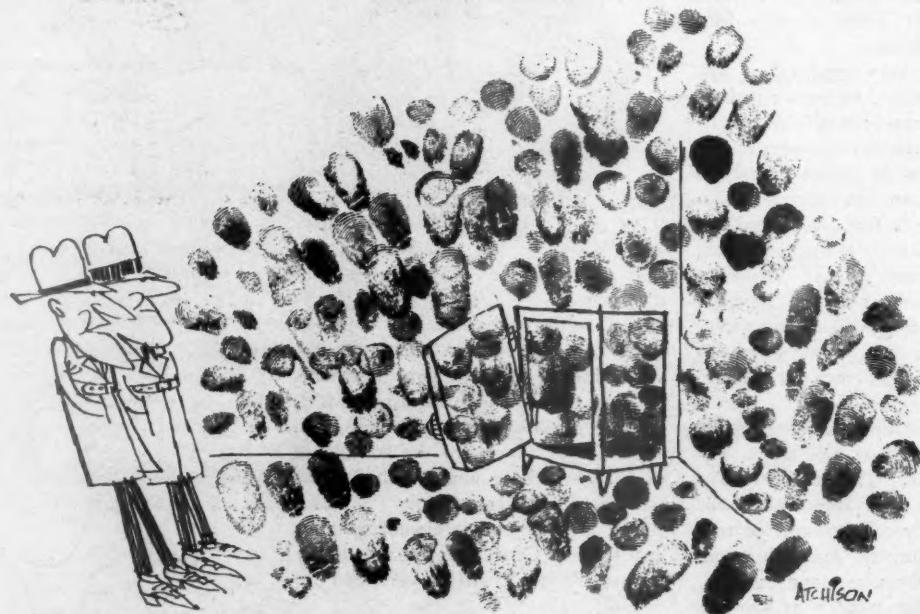
I'VE been thinking this week, for want of anything more stimulating on world news fronts, about those eighty-five Rimini-bound holiday-makers who got as far as Gatwick, found that their plane hadn't left Italy yet, and "had a mystery tour of the Sussex Downs instead." No one seems to know just what the trouble was, and I personally don't care. I'm simply trying to see the problem of the Gatwick authorities, who had these eighty-five hanging about all day in an increasingly aggrieved state and eventually decided on this four-hour mystery tour as some kind of sop.

You may possibly think it was an odd move. But eighty-five people who have paid to be splashing in the Adriatic and find themselves still sitting on their luggage in the heart of Downland are a problem for the authorities. Eighty-five isn't an easy number. You can't even get four football matches started without someone being three short. And though community singing is a useful stand-by at times of crisis and delay we

must remember that there were other people at Gatwick who wouldn't have liked it. Bingo no doubt sprang to the authorities' mind after the first few hours had passed with still no news from Italy, and several would-be passengers from Yorkshire and Lancashire beginning to pull at their caps and look nasty; but, as any authority will tell you, air passengers undergo a strange moral reformation waiting for their flight to be called, a state of mind in which gambling presents itself as something intolerably frivolous for a change. My guess is that Bingo at Gatwick would be a bleak travesty of the wanton romp seen in the village halls of England every Tuesday night, and probably Friday as well.

In my view the authorities were sensible and not unkindly in whisking these castaways off round Plumpton, Felpham, Climping, Sompting, and so on (and what Italian place names can boast this kind of music?). I'm sorry to say that little appreciation was shown. The sightseers seemed thoroughly dissatisfied with the tour. "When they

returned to the airport some of them shouted at the officials." What they shouted I don't know. It's possible that some of them may have been Sussex folk anyway. "Mystery tour?" they yelled, as the great luxury coaches rolled to a stop at the tarmac's edge—"Why, we've been past our shop three times!" And it was worse, of course, for those who had told next-door that they would be in Rimini for lunch on Tuesday, bidding gay farewells and handing over the cat, only to be waved at by the neighbours as they rolled past that evening in a bus with "Mystery Tour" on the front. But most of them would come from the north, if I know anything about current summer trends on Mediterranean beaches, and they, strictly, should have welcomed this bit of mind-broadening within their own shores: in the days of lighter pay-packets they were the ones always asserting that England was good enough for them, and indicting the toffs who gadded off to Italy before they'd even seen Cleethorpes floral clock.



"Looks like an amateur job to me!"

The trouble may have been that they didn't give the tour a fair chance. What did E. V. Lucas write about the Downs? "At first they have been known to disappoint the traveller, but one only has to live among them and they surely conquer." There wasn't time for that. Four hours isn't long enough. And that may have been what some of them shouted at the officials when they returned to the airport.

No, in my view the mistake made by the Gatwick authorities was to make it a mystery tour. Entertainmentwise, this ruined a good basic idea. As the coaches were brought up from their emergency stations the leading driver enquired wearily "Where to this time, guv?" And this does it. The eyes of the authorities light up with heightened inspiration. They snap their fingers. "Make it a Mystery Tour!" they say.

Taxed with this error of judgment at the forthcoming investigation, the arraigned authorities will be spirited in their defence. Wasn't it reasonable to suppose, they will ask, that people brutally done out of the bizarre influences of a Latin littoral would welcome an approximation of pleasureable oddity in any substituted entertainment? What odder than an eerie trip round the Downland by-ways, never knowing whether the next turning will land you in the middle of Cowdray Park polo or face to face with the Brighton show-rooms of the Mid-Sussex Electricity Board? But the president of the enquiry is not impressed, and the defendants flounder on with the submission that as the coach drivers usually got lost anyway it was absurd to advertise Haywards Heath, say, as a firm destination, with no real hope of getting there. To try for Rimini and Haywards Heath in one day, and fail of both, is the sort of thing to bring travel agencies into disrepute . . . At this point the authorities thump the president's trestle-table, scattering a large pile of complaints letters, mostly from air travellers who have arrived in New Zealand or Hawaii by mistake. It doesn't do a bit of good.

The consultant psychiatrist called for the other side rises with a patronising smile. What the air traveller needs above all, he agrees, is a sense of security. Ordinarily the pilot supplies the father-image. In this case, no pilot being around, it was up to the coach-driver.



"While he's been yapping, 1,800 new listeners have been born."

How much sense of security, asks the psychiatrist with a wicked leer, was felt by eighty-five people circling the Downs for four hours without a clue where they were, and with a driver who, in fact or under orders, kept insisting that he was lost too, and going off into Goonlike laughter? Were not the authorities acquainted with F. W. Bourdillon's immortal lines on the Downs . . . "where viewless things, half-human, lurk between the beechwood stems, or on some lonely spur hide in the sparse, low-growing juniper?" Could they honestly pretend that those eighty-five unhappy men and women wouldn't have preferred a straight run down the A23 as far as the first pub without a "No Coaches" sign?

A powerful speech. And F. W. Bourdillon was sometime the rector of

Woolbeding, if you're interested. The upshot of this whole thing was, or possibly would be—I can't remember whether I've stuck to the runway or skidded off into the subjunctive—that they all got off to Rimini the following day, and everyone has been terribly kind. Or, as a travel agency man said, "There is no entitlement to a refund, but we shall be very sympathetic to anyone who asks for their money back."



"A driving instructor was 'surprised' when he saw two identical saw the two drivers were also black Ford Anglia cars each bearing the same registration number. But he was 'startled' when he identical, Mr. Anthony Proctor, prosecuting, told Sheffield magistrates yesterday."

Daily Telegraph

Road chaos, Latest.

Jobs and the Boy

By DIANA CHILDE

WHEN my son was still very small, he said he was going into the Junior Service when he grew up, like Daddy and Uncle. He would be a pilot.

There was a brief time, however, when during the course of autograph collecting at the age of twelve, he became enamoured of the stage.

Stars' dressing-rooms are most attractive, and if your mum knows the actor or actress in occupation, you get a delightful reception. So when he heard a London management was auditioning for a boy about his age, with good singing voice (he had that), I agreed to take him along and let him see the other side of the picture.

The audition was held in a tiny West End theatre. Backstage, with no current production in the evenings at present, it was dusty, musty, badly lit and crowded with boys accompanied by hopeful female relatives.

My son was wearing the kilt. A large, blowsy, untidily dressed mum said it wasn't fair, 'im dressing like that to catch the perducer's eye. The way her son was attired, I thought he was trying to do just that. Mine wasn't.

A boy being auditioned on stage was singing in an out-of-tune warble. The piano nearly drowned his yowls. My son gave me a despairing glance. He whispered to ask if we need stay. I said it was his idea anyway and we must.

His ordeal, once it came, was rapidly

over. He was pushed on into the full glare of the lights. A moment later a voice from the stalls told him he was too dark, dear. They were apparently casting a type. Typical English boy, fair hair, rosy cheeks. My son came back into the wings.

"They didn't even ask me to sing," he growled as we squeezed our way past the waiting boys and mums down the back stairs to the street. He gave up the idea of the stage for evermore.

When my son became involved in the Corps at school, he did rather well, and he enjoyed it. After passing Cert A Part 1, he decided to enter the Army. My husband and Uncle nearly blew their tops. They muttered scathing things about brown jobs, but my son persisted, and wrote to his grandfather's regiment. They very kindly wrote back and said they'd be glad to have him in due course.

When he left school, my son went for an interview with the Army, and they said they would send for him presently. However, there was the possibility of several months to fill in before then.

I wasn't really keen to have him wandering all over the world later on. I pointed out that we had a Town home, why couldn't he stay with us and go into the City or Advertising or something. My son said no fear. You'd never catch him trotting off every morning with a stupid umbrella and a bowler. A life of adventure and travel for him. Bags of open air.

Filling in time, he had short incursions each into estate agency, chartered accountancy, motor-car manufacture, being a salesman in a London store, and catering—actually he delivered gilt chairs and glasses and put up awnings. Indeed, about this time, when people said "and what is your son doing now?" we had to stop to think what it was this week.

Best of all, I think we enjoyed my son's experiences as a male char. He dropped in on a rather smart domestic

agency, explained he was waiting to go in the cavalry—he dressed the part in tightest Bedford cords and highly polished jodhpur boots—could he help them out? They were short of chars at the moment, and believed all he said he knew about domestic work. His knowledge, as I could have told them, was entirely theoretical, gleaned from looking on at home.

He took a pair of espadrilles and his jeans to change into for work, and set off to his first job. He seemed to be a success. Nannie gave him a splendid tea in the kitchen half way through his three hours. When he had changed back at the end of his stint, he went to the drawing room to collect his earnings. His lady offered him sherry and he sat talking for quite an hour. She arranged with him that he should do for her two afternoons a week.

After this start, another lady was speedily found for him; elderly this time, and he did for her three mornings a week. She had an equally elderly cook who gave my son enormous elevenses. Here, too, he had sherry with madam after work.

His employers must have dined out on their male char for ages. They said they were very sorry when he left to become an engineer.

Happily covered in oil and grease by day, to the swift ruin of my newly yellow satin covered chairs, bearing lipstick traces most evenings—he had just become heavily involved with a seventeen-year-old *femme fatale*—my son was well contented with his lot. So when the Army eventually got around to telling him to come along and be one of their merry men, he had quite lost interest and told them so. The Army seemed rather annoyed.

Even then, I had a presentiment that my son wasn't really cut out for anything he had yet tried. I was quite correct. Three girl friends and one year later, he became morose and angry. He was not happy in his work. This went on for several weeks, then out of the blue came an offer which he accepted. We both feel it is his métier.

Big Business in the West End.

Immaculately tailored, umbrella rolled, excellent bowler atop his rather long hair, he sallies forth every morning for his day's work. Learning how to become a tycoon, I hope.





From the Chinese

"IT is a strange world,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo.
"Do you remember the Bird Man
Who flew from the White Lands
Over the Red Lands?
His name, it is on the tablets,
Was Powers.
The Red Men
Cleverly shot him down.
They cast him into prison
And sent angry messages
To the Rulers of the White Lands.
For, they said, the Bird Man
Had made pictures
Of the Red Lands,
Which is unfriendly,
And in any event
To pass over the Red Lands
Without permission
Was a criminal affront.
After many months
They brought him before the judges
Who condemned him
And cast him into prison again
For many years."

"It is a strange world,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo, sighing.
"Not long later,
Not one Red Bird Man,
But two Red Bird Men,
Without announcement
And without permission,
Flew over the White Lands.
Then the people of the White Lands
Clapped their hands together,
Rejoicing, and saying
'What a splendid deed!'
And the Rulers of the White Lands
Sent happy messages

Of felicitation
To the Red Lands.
No man complained
Of a criminal affront,
Nor did any inquire
If the Red Bird Men
Had made pictures
Of the White Lands;
Which would be a simple thing,
For the Red Men,
It is well known,
Are the most accomplished."

"It is a strange world,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo, smiling.
"But there is more.
For many years
The White Lands
Have proclaimed with pride
That by certain devices,
Secret and subtle,
They are able to detect
Any unpermitted object
Entering without announcement
Their Upper Air,
A gnat from foreign parts
Or unlicensed bee.
On this occasion, I wonder,
Did they detect
By their subtle devices
The approach of the Bird Man,
Or not?
And if they did
How did they know
That he was not making
Unfriendly pictures?"

"It is a strange world—
But entertaining."

—A.P.H.



HARGREAVES

Mothers are all things to all men—each man has his own image, as DAVID WALSH suggests in the following examples.



The Stoker



The Aesthete

I REMEMBER MAMA



The Sea Captain



The Hunt Master



The Juvenile Delinquent





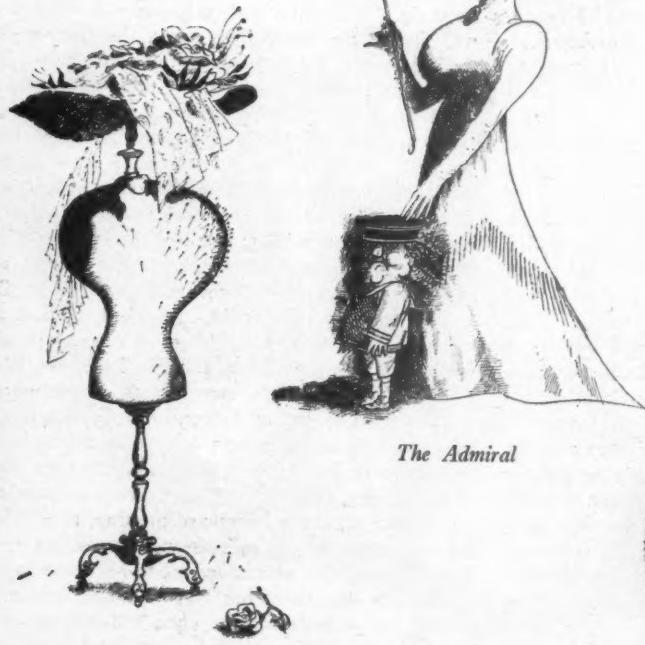
The Centenarian



The Actor Knight



The Squire



The Admiral



The Couturier



Everyone

The Years with Kinross

Going Out into the World



4—Youth

I LEFT Oxford with no serious wish for a career and, in default of one, was sent by my parents to Paris, to learn French and follow a course at the Sorbonne. I found, however, that I preferred the Ritz. Then one day an American millionaire invited me to have drinks in the bar there, an indulgence which I could not myself easily afford. After I and his guests had enjoyed several champagne cocktails, I overheard one of them say to him, with a glance in my direction, "Don't let him sting you for the drinks." Presently he rose and went out of the bar with his friends, leaving me to settle the bill. Thus reduced in circumstances, I left Paris for the valley of the Loire, where I lived for some time with a frugal French family, visiting the châteaux of the district on the pillion-seat of a motorcycle which a fellow-pupil had borrowed.

In due course I returned to Scotland, where I worked at night in a newspaper office in Glasgow, and in the daytime wrote for a London paper, social paragraphs about people I did not know. This led me eventually to London, where I continued this practice, first on a Sunday newspaper under the name of Lady Eleanor Smith, then on a daily newspaper under the name of Mr. Gossip, and finally on an evening newspaper as a particle of The Londoner, whose main parts were, at different times, men so notable as Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, Mr. Randolph Churchill, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, and Mr. Robert Beavan, while Mr. Michael Foot wrote powerful Tory leaders.

When the Dean of my college at Oxford heard I had left Glasgow for London, he remarked, "That's that. He'll become a butterfly." He was right. I took a studio-flat in

Bromptonia, done up in the Italianate style, and settled down to make enemies. The style was one that was already out of fashion with the discovery, by the ladies of Mayfair, of the decorative properties of whitewash, and the emergence of drawing-rooms like off-whited sepulchres.

I was nevertheless photographed in this studio for *Vogue*, seated at a refectory table with Mr. Cyril Connolly, who shared the place with me until he found my snobbish way of life too distasteful and, after starting to write a short story about this—which he did not, unfortunately, finish—sensibly left for abroad to get married. In later years he once referred wittily to this period when "we didn't know where the next meal was coming from, nor whom to ask to it." He was succeeded as a house-mate by Mr. John Betjeman, who did not seem to notice my social proclivities and anyway spent most of his time teaching in a school somewhere up on the Barnet by-pass.

This was the period of the "Roaring Twenties," a phrase which I claimed to have invented but in fact borrowed from its inventor, Sir Maurice Bowra, printing it for the first time in an article I wrote for a magazine. It was the period also, in the imagination of the press, of the Bright Young People, of whom I aspired to be one, as the new generation aspire to be Angry Young Men, even becoming one evening so bright as to be received by Miss Tallulah Bankhead in her bath.

These young men of to-day seem to be Angry because in revolt against people they do not know, whom they choose to call the Establishment. We were Bright because in revolt merely against our own parents, at whom we mocked for their lack of frivolity. Angry I was indeed, because I had not enough money; but Bright I believed myself to be because I contrived nevertheless to drink liquor on credit in night clubs, not coffee for cash in Espresso Bars, as the Angry must do. The party line, moreover, to which I subscribed was that of the fancy-dress party, the fancy-undress party, the wild party, the bath party, the bottle party, the pyjama-and-bottle party, the wild fancy-dress-and-undress pyjama-and-bottle-and-bath party, where the guests were swooningly lovely and the entertainment was madly ungay.

In the course of these diversions, I developed a taste for black company, which had no connection with anti-Apartheid. The archetype of the anti-nuclear march was the equally innocuous treasure-hunt; nor had the Fifth Column yet supplanted, as a focus of interest, the social column, whose chief exponent was no less a personage than Mr. Tom Driberg.

This was my own trade, one which opened and closed many doors to me, and which caused me to be identified in some eyes with the Earl of Balcarin in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*. To-day it is for some reason a trade more respected than it used to be, as I found when, requiring money, I resumed it for a spell some years ago, incurring in the process no cold looks, but the compliments of dowagers, the gratitude of debutantes, and even the benevolence of courtiers.

It brought me the honour of meeting, after I had worked for two years on an evening newspaper, its owner, Lord Beaverbrook. He summoned me to his house in St. James's, which was like the other clubs around, but untidier; he praised me warmly for the style and content of a column which I was writing on Saturdays, and he then indicated that I should write it henceforward in a style of his choice and to his own dictation. He telephoned in my presence to

several lady friends of his, repeated to each what the other had said of her, disclosed to me what he himself knew of each, and proposed that all this material, put forward as my own personal view of these ladies, should be the topic for my next Saturday column. In a mood of high-mindedness which my editor, Mr. Frank Owen, deplored, I rejected this proposal and the column was forthwith abolished.

Meanwhile this trade enabled me to make periodic incursions, invited or otherwise, into the various stately homes of London, where food and drink were free to the Bright, as not to the Angry in the stately hotels which stand where once they stood. It provided me also with the material for a book, which I named *Society Racket*, and in which I bit several hands that had fed me and many more that had not.

But the sands were running out. The Nineteen-Thirties were looming. Already a new generation from Oxford had appeared on the scene, sons of statesmen and such, fatally infected with politics. This was an infirmity to which we had prided ourselves on remaining immune, as indeed I still

remain, always obstinately slow to comprehend political means until they become historical ends.

But for this new generation, harder drinkers than we thought they were, the only parties which counted were the Conservative, the Liberal, the Labour, the National Liberal, the National Labour, the Fascist, the Communist, and eventually the New. Soon there would be no other parties not to be invited to. Already Mr. Noël Coward was being taken seriously, and was said to have remarked, on hearing "God Save the King," "Why, that's a tune from *Cavalcade*." The Duke of Connaught had been induced, out of patriotism, to winter on the English Riviera. Seeking material for an article on this, I visited Torquay and was put up, at municipal expense, in a temperance hotel. It was the end.

Thus the 'twenties roared out with an American bang, and the 'thirties crept in with an English whimper. The time had come to seek pleasure elsewhere.

Next week: Escape



"She's reputed to have buried three husbands, but nobody quite knows where."



"What gets him is this 'And no questions asked.'"

Life of a Salesman

By TIMOTHY BAILEY

NOT even the most vehement apologist for Frankfurt-am-Main could pretend that it is a gay city. Worthy, solid, hard-working, forward-looking, yes. Gay, no. The manipulation and amassing of money are its main activities—indeed Frankfurt is the financial capital of Western Germany, and its architecture tends much more to the ponderous sobriety of a bank than to baroque. Frankfurters regard Munich as a bit flighty, rather as Londoners do Paris; Düsseldorf and the Ruhr are all right if watched; Hamburg is definitely suspect. Frankfurt should therefore be approached in a suitably sombre and dedicated mood, and it is worth while to look up a quotation or two from Goethe to demonstrate one's seriousness and awareness of the importance of Frankfurt's most honoured son.

Arriving the other evening, I rang

up our agents at about eight and begged off dinner that evening, it being a Sunday with several hundred miles of autobahn behind me. "Schade," they said, "but come round in the morning. Not too early because there is always coming a lot of mail on the Monday morning. First we will have our mail conference and make our dictations, then we shall be free for the remaining day for you. Please to come at 8.30."

Next morning business discussions went along briskly and uninterrupted except by my being asked, at 10.30, if I observed the fine English custom of a mid-morning whisky and soda. By midday considerable progress had been made. All conversation was, of course, in German.

Apart from the exigencies of the language itself—the German verb-at-the-end routine for one—there is a matter of translating inches into centi-

metres, sterling into deutschmarks and pounds into kilos. By the time you have explained the intricacies of a limited slip differential in German, you are more than ready for some sustenance. Thus, having probably earned an adverse reaction by refusing to conform to the fine English mid-morning whisky tradition, I gratefully accepted the glass of Sekt proffered at midday, and made to move off for lunch to get a breather and work up some notes. "We would," they said, "be very pleased if you would join us in our flat for a simple meal. Hedi, my wife, is also acting as secretary. She has been starting the letters at six in the morning and has been preparing a typical Frankfurt dish in honour of your visit. Please. And we shall continue our discussions over Mittagessen. How are by you in the factory the social conditions . . . ?"

The soup was a Kraftbrühe, enlivened by tinned Macedoine of vegetables. The typical Frankfurt dish a Wiener Schnitzel, accompanied by mountains of sauté potatoes, and some depressed lettuce damped by a milky dressing. Then Schokolade Torte ("You will please excuse that it was bought in a Konditorei as Hedi was not having time to be baking this morning"). All this washed down by a virile young Riesling ("one thousand bottles I have received in satisfaction from a debt"). No coffee.

Back to the salon where we sat in enormous stuffed armchairs, balancing paper and briefcases on our knees. ("In this way we are quiet from the telephone.") There was a tricky half hour after lunch when that grey-brown feeling assailed us, eyelids were working like semaphores, and the conversation dropped to a desultory rumble. ("In Germany the quality of our paintwork is much superior. Explain, please, the method in England for preparing the bare metal so that it may remain rustfree.") By two we were in full spate again, and some potential customers came along about three, enabling us to stretch our legs, and injecting new life into the conversation. ("How is Princess Margaret? It is noteworthy to trace her German blood through the Teck line . . .") By five in the afternoon all details had been tied up, all tensions had disappeared and coffee was proposed. ("We admire so much your English tea, *aber leider . . .*")

At 6.30 it seemed reasonable to take one's leave, so papers were collected into my briefcase, I clamped a sincere, cheerful, co-operative smile on my face, and started the lead-in to saying goodbye. But this was not to be. "Soon our daughter and son-in-law, who are also working with us, shall be coming. We are hoping that you will accompany us to a Frankfurt Stube where we shall be eating typical Frankfurt dishes and listening to a guitar player."

Surely, you think, they would be as glad to be shot of you as you of them, and spend a relaxing evening. But perhaps they want to know you better, see you outside the office, learn some secrets of the future, measure your capacity for wine. Pack up now and you've left the job half done.

The atmosphere in the Stube is thick,

overlaid with the peculiarly Germanic scent of a mixture of cigars and vegetable soup. It is very warm and one senses the mackintoshes waiting in the Garderobe. ("In Germany we have much rain, while you have your English fogs.")

Your hosts have made the elegant gesture of insisting that you come out to dinner. They understand that dinner in England is the good moment of the day from their reading, in translations, of the great modern novelists. But even their magnificent energy is beginning to flag after a fourteen-hour day. You rally, and try to chat.

Was television popular in Germany?
"Jawohl."

What were at present the best programmes?

"Mein Kampf. Fussball."
How interesting about *Mein Kampf*. How far had the series got?

"We do not look more. Already we are beginning to lose the war."

Were they planning their Summer holidays?

"Jawohl."
Where were they going this year?

"Italy. We take the car and make camping near Santa Margharita. There are many Germans."

You cast around for other subjects. You get no help. The son-in-law is anxiously, and correctly, solicitous for his pregnant wife. There is a general glazing over of the eyes. You try a last cast.

Did they read about the Eichmann trial?

"No. It is terrible that there should

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. . . for tables with all four legs shorter than the other three, so that whichever one you put a folded envelope under produces a subsidence diagonally opposite immediately a full pint tankard or tea-pot is put down anywhere on the beastly glass surface. Or rather for the owners of such tables, who will cheerfully let them go on rocking and rolling week after week to the mortification of countless drenched customers, instead of sawing an inch off here and there or having the floor relaid or whatever is necessary to abate this nuisance. They could also, when serving cheese, butter and a hunk of French bread in such places, provide a plate more than three inches in diameter to give a little room for manoeuvre, bearing in mind that the price of this delicate meal is now not less than that for a cut off the joint and two veg. a few years back. And why not, while this drive for maximum efficiency in roadside inns is at its height, somewhere to put one's hat? The bar under one's seat is unsafe, seeing that all four legs of the chair are longer than the rest.

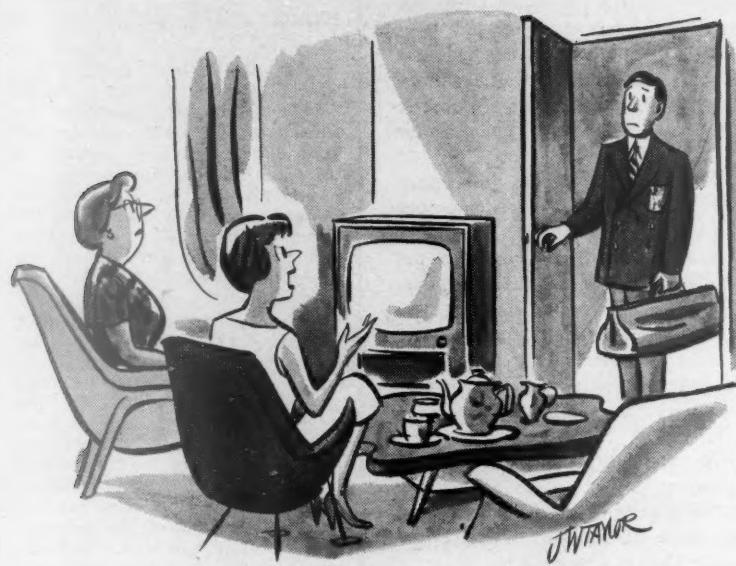
have been such peoples and we never knew."

At midnight it was all over. By then one's tongue was stuttering over the German language, one's grin was deep-frozen, nerves were jangling, and one longed only for bed and peace. "In June," they said, "we will come to England and visit your factory. So amusing your warm English beer."

Not, perhaps, quite the sort of day our managing director had visualised.



"Let me out, fellers! I want nothing to do with this mass outbreak."



"You must need glasses — Swanton, Compton, Mother and I all saw that it was the top-spinner."

Far Away and Long Ago

By R. G. G. PRICE

ELECTRICITY was there before people discovered it and so was Gravity. It seems only too probable that Space, populated Space, was there too. It would be pretty odd if only since Science Fiction began were remote planets inhabited. The sort of problem which has been ignored in this passion for guessing what will happen in 1990 is what happened, Spacewise, in 1066.

I am not suggesting for a moment that Harold's defeat was due to intervention by Venusians. There seems no reason why the Planet People should take one side rather than another in our little local wars. It is true that technologically advanced races might have preferred the go-getting Normans to the more gentle, arty Anglo-Saxons; but if there is one thing that is clear about spatial visitants it is that they want to be loved. Flying-saucer crews float round and about wistfully trying to make contact with Earth Men. They are almost too anxious not to offend. It

seems in the last degree unlikely that they would have risked the good opinion of thegns and ealdormen and churls by battling against them.

But, the historically-minded reader may object, what about the Gods in the Trojan War? They lined up behind the human armies, cheering on their side and sometimes rigging the odds. Is it to be supposed that Martians or extra-galactic bodiless intelligences would show a greater refinement of manners than the gods of Olympus? The answer, shortly, is Yes.

However, some historical events seem particularly likely to have been caused by Spacemen or Spacethings, those sudden panics that make armies leave their defences and run away, financial crises, sudden fashions in constitutional development. Some historical characters seem likely, at least intermittently, to have been non-anthropoid. Was Napoleon's lock of hair intended to hide a third eye? Elizabeth I once remarked that while she had the body

of a woman she had the heart and stomach of a king and there is more than a hint here of other anatomies than ours. Assume that Bonar Law originated from somewhere on the far side of the Milky Way and his part in the fall of the Asquith Coalition looks quite different.

Take quite a different episode in British history. How far was Peel's change of front on the Repeal of the Corn Laws motivated by non-Telluric forces? Even in his bitterest moments Disraeli did not accuse Peel of harbouring non-spatial mutants, still less of being some kind of refugee from a White Dwarf. His proposals might have been nebulous but not the man himself.

It is a well-tried principle of historical criticism that to establish a fact you need the evidence of two independent witnesses. Mere supposition is not enough, even when you are writing about the Etruscans. Although it seems inherently probable that Tellus was liable to as much interference from elsewhere in the Cosmos a hundred years ago as we all know it is today, it is impossible to relate any particular effect to any particular cause. This is a pity. It would save a good deal of backbreaking work by historians if awkward facts could be explained away as the consequence of phenomena not yet completely investigated by science.

Studies of the history of Parliament in the sixteenth century are hampered by the absence of some of the official documents. These may well have been snatched by Things, and not just mislaid by a noble family or used to provide skins for toy drums, a common fate of manuscripts. The Things may have taken them simply as evidence of having made the journey. It may have been mischief of the kind indulged in by poltergeists. But there is a more disturbing explanation. Somewhere out beyond the limits of any telescope may be a planet inhabited by Things that live on parchment. This would explain the gaps in State Papers, the missing pages of monastic chronicles, the lost books of Livy, the strange absence of Shakespeare manuscripts.

On the other hand, to look for a moment on the bright side, there may somewhere be Intelligences that preserve a first-hand record of events here in Britain from the earliest clouds of hot, whirling gas down to today.

Once contact is made with these original authorities, large-scale revision of accepted historical theories seems inevitable. What follows from this? *Resistance to Space projects by historians.*

Has the Royal Historical Society made one single gesture of solidarity with the cosmonauts? Not one. It is the Arts graduates who fight a rear-guard action against compulsory Physics for all university students. They know too well what effect on their status the discovery of some globular and slightly radioactive spectator of a Witanagemot would have. Learning is a matter of guesses which seem probable to other learned men; but once make truth readily available and what is there left to do?

As communication between non-Telluric existence and the human race develops, it is inevitable that not all candidates for university chairs will be human. There are obvious advantages if sometimes the Cavendish Professor of Physics or the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics bring to their Chairs experience gained in other modes of being than that of their audiences. But the same, surely, will apply to the Regius Professorships of History. An inaugural lecture that begins "I remember once being inside Walpole when he was considering the Excise scheme" will provide an interesting change from lectures criticising Namier or Toynbee or Gibbon for overlooking something.

The rockets of the future will carry not merely measuring instruments and robots to service them. They will carry research students to cross-examine first-hand witnesses of historical events. The two-year research grant will include a return ticket in some faster-than-light machine and the thesis will be expected to cover the ground thoroughly: examiners will refer back the student of Balfour's Irish policy who overlooks a giant fungus which once week-ended at Hatfield unobserved.



"By-laws and restrictions by rural authorities, together with the high cost of barley-meal, pollard and other pig food, has resulted in few Cleveland cottagers keeping pigs, and fewer still being fed for home curing and home consumption. Many of us regret this."

Speak for yourself.

Back to the Drawing Board

It is suggested that, in order to alleviate the loneliness experienced by New Town dwellers, future New Towns may need to be made more compact.

I DESIGNED C—— New Town

As a city of light and air.

The houses follow the down

As if they'd been always there,
With acres between them to play

Or labour or idle in, only
Sociologists say

The people who live there are lonely.

I'm working on Borley now——

It's a sort of challenge to me.

I can hardly explain to you how

Different this will be:

Towers of bull's-blood brick

And institutional green;

Kids should mature quite quick

In the asphalt yards between;

You can hear your neighbour humming

Through every wall in the place;

We're saving a lot on the plumbing

With a communal washing space.

Where a bloke can talk to a bloke;

We're not in a smokeless zone

So, sniffing his neighbour's coke,

No one need feel alone;

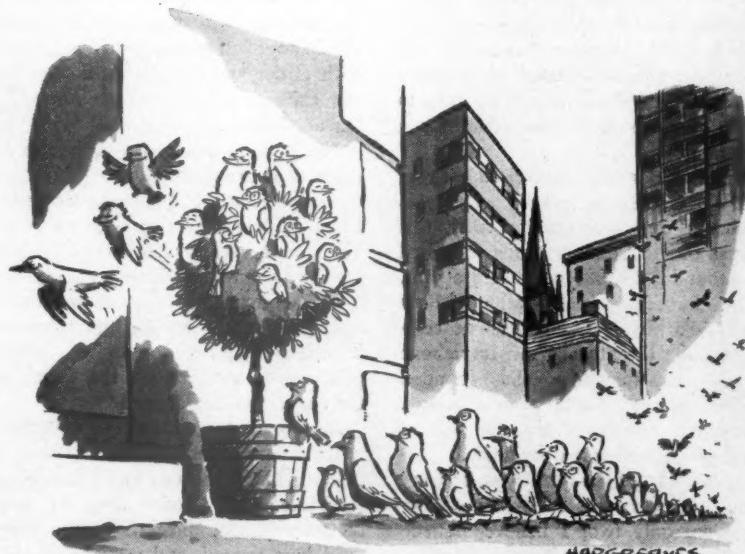
There'll be outside stairways sticking

To each block in Borley Town

For the communal sport of kicking

Sociologists down.

—PETER DICKINSON





"Can you guarantee that they don't despise us?"

Tussaud's-on-Tiber

By RICHARD FINDLATER

"YOU only have to stand in front of a celebrity for half an hour, and you soon find out whether he's worth preserving," said the man from Madame Tussaud's. "If people have to look at their programme and ask 'Who's that, then?' it's time to break him up and make room for a new one."

That ruthlessness—exercised last year on W. G. Grace, among others—is probably one good reason why this Mecca of the London tourist is visited by around 1,250,000 customers a year. Two hundred years after Marie Tussaud's birth—they'll soon be celebrating the bicentenary in Marylebone Road—the waxworks she founded reigns supreme and almost alone. Elsewhere, I regret to say, this kind of exhibition has almost disappeared.

At the turn of the century there were about 100 waxworks in Britain. Now there are only two, I believe, outside London. A handful remain in Europe.

In Paris the historic Musée Grévin specializes in tableaux. In Vienna you can see the anatomical wax models of the Josephine Collection. In Hamburg the Panoptikon was recently reopened, with Hitler and Eva Braun among the star exhibits. But Madame Tussaud's has no rivals. Not really.

Not even in Rome, where I recently discovered to my delight the "Museum of the Celebrities," one of the Common Market's few surviving shows-in-wax. With due acknowledgment to the London exemplar it houses twenty-five figures among the ruins of the baths built 1600 years ago by the Emperor Diocletian, in a couple of rooms precariously perched on the flanks of the converted Tepidarium.

Among the surprises of this collection is that it is the only place in Rome, I believe, where you can find a memorial to Mussolini. Rome does its past dictators proud, once they have been dead long enough and certified as OK

classics for the tourist trade, but for the moment it refuses to immortalize the Duce in anything more permanent than wax. Bareheaded, in a green overcoat and brand-new brown gloves, he looks pugnaciously across at Julius Caesar, to whom—in this Roman gallery—he bears a curious family resemblance which otherwise existed only in his own self-dramatising fancy.

Mussolini is in good company here. Near him is his blackshirted, jackbooted henchman Muti. Himmler and Goering, both wearing smart grey gloves, stand gravely by. A youthful, idealised Hitler poses, with prettified face, in a dusty trenchcoat. Those sinister figures on the other side of the room, with hands gangster-like in pockets, turn out to be Mussolini's democratic successors, De Vittorio and De Gasperi. Not far away is Enrico Fermi. The catalogue rightly praises him as "one of the first and most important atomic scientists," but omits to mention that Mussolini's Italy couldn't use him.

Although the Museum ought to be on safer ground with earlier centuries, the present plays funny tricks with the past in the Eternal City. Close to a gilt snake on her right arm, the blonde, red-robed Cleopatra sports a puzzling bandage. Is it meant to represent the asp's dummy run? Or does this rather grubby wrapping merely stop her imperial hand from dropping off? Elsewhere Paganini is having trouble with his fiddle: his bow is caught on the right knob of a music stand. Leopardi, who is said to be composing a sonnet on the infinite while standing on a hill, has clearly got a bit tired since the catalogue was printed: nowadays he is lying back on some green matting in fashionably square-toed shoes. Christopher Columbus, "studying in the cabin of his caravel," has obviously not had time to brush the dust off his orange robe or change his shirt since he left Spain. That, I suppose, is understandable: what is a bit perplexing is his taste for painting his nails, dully incarnadined. Other celebrities on view include Seneca, "the famous but corrupted philosopher"; Lucrezia Borgia, looking very innocent in plum-and-orange; Napoleon, who only missed being an Italian—as the catalogue claims—by fifteen months; and Galileo, who is supposed to be "studying the com-

position of the Universe" with the help of his disciple Torricelli and the telescope he has recently discovered. He is using the telescope to study the composition of Torricelli's beard.

What strikes me as oddest of all in this perishable pantheon is that all the Immortals—Verdi, Marconi, Machiavelli, and Volta too—are so short. Just about the same height, in fact, as Mussolini.

Outside, in the Piazza della Repubblica, one of Rome's great fountains creates its ever-changing architecture of water. All through the city, churches and palaces of many shapes and colours—honey, mustard and ochre—shame our own urban ugliness. Tons of stone and marble commemorate the status-seekers of the past. Among all this noisy beauty that is Rome, is it any comfort to know that we can build better—in wax? And that, just now, Madame Tussaud's is broad-mindedly preparing to accommodate Makarios

(as soon as his archbishop's robes are received), Mrs. Bandaranaike (who is sending a sarong from Ceylon) and the Duke and Duchess of Kent? While some murderer perhaps, like Haigh, is bequeathing in his will his clothes to the Chamber of Horrors—a title, by the way, which *Punch* affixed to what was first called "The Separate Room"?

Rome's "Museum of Celebrities," at any rate, knows its public—which is largely English. It is the English, I gather, who keep the waxworks of Europe going. And the reason, I am assured by the man from Tussaud's whom I quoted earlier, is that it is only in a waxworks that we can stare at other people without feeling rude, and common, and interested.



"Jennie's mother lifted the coffee-pot with questioning eyebrows."

Magazine story

And lowered lid?

Wish You Were Here

MAJORCA.

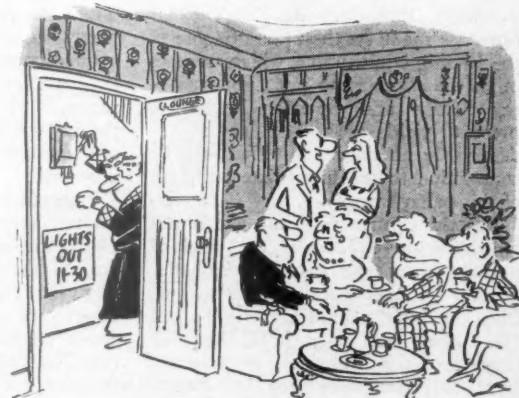
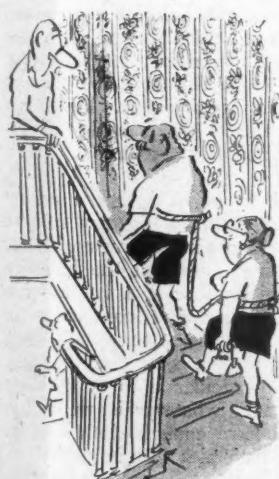
EEP in the earth under Porto Cristo we sit in pale electric gloom, looking at the biggest underground lake in the world. The caves are eerie and dank but wonderful. Stalactitic shapes—helpfully lit, it's true—flanked our uneven descent; buddhas, wolfhounds, medieval castles, flowers and nameless beasts; suddenly, turning a corner, a madonna and child. The lights go out. There is to be a musical entertainment. Into the blackness, perfectly deployed, the three boats are rowed silently. Is that the shape of a violinist's arm in the faint thrown-up light from the fairylights round the bows? They circle and go, the last note precisely synchronised with the fading of the last dim glow. A dramatic effect indeed; ruined by those who couldn't wait to applaud . . .

—C.P.

Homelea Hotel

by

Larry





Trustees in a Fix

THINGS could not have been made more difficult for the trustees who have suddenly gained their freedom to invest half their funds in a "wider range" of securities than that to which they were previously restricted. They are naturally tempted to use their freedom. For years they have been bound by the chains of an Act which made them defenceless against the attacks and the erosions of inflation and rising interest rates. Their sense of frustration has been increased by the sight of booming equity markets and rising dividends of which the old trustee legislation deprived them.

What could be more natural than that all this resentment and frustration should break loose from the day the Act was amended? Break loose it did and the resulting sales of gilt-edged securities and purchases of equities have caused the yield gap, that is the margin by which the return on British Government securities exceeds that of a selection of high-class industrial equities, to widen to record proportions. While 7 per cent "dead" can be earned on irredeemable Government stock, the average yield on the industrial ordinary shares used for the *Financial Times* index is 4.8 per cent. Never before has the reverse gap (in normal times it used to and should tip the other way) yawned so widely. It is wider still if the calculations are made on the basis of some of the leading equities into which trustees might be expected to put their trust—say Marks and Spencer, which at present yield only 1½ per cent—deservedly no doubt, but that is little consolation to the immediate recipient of this paltry income.

Switching from gilts into the bluest of blue chip equities is the kind of impulse which trustees, acting for beneficiaries which depend on the income from the fund, cannot afford. To sell War Loan and buy ICIs, however impressive that company, its management and prospects may be, means

cutting the immediate gross income of the beneficiaries by precisely half. There are some trusts where capital is being built up for future needs of children's education and like purposes, where immediate income may not matter; but where it does the trustees concerned are most decidedly in a fix.

As for equities, the yield from them must be affected by the harsh measures which have recently been taken by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and also by the manner in which a number of company chairmen have responded to the Chancellor's appeal for dividend restraint. The decision to apply for membership of the Common Market is another question mark on the horizon. Membership will be a challenge and an opportunity for the British economy; but which companies will seize the opportunity and which will wilt under the challenge?

The best advice to trustees at the



Ventriloquist in the House

CRICKETS chirping are part of the summer scene in the country, and in a great many houses which they infest in much the same way as cockroaches. For all the noise, less than half the cricket population chirps. Only adult males have this ability. They do it partly for pleasure and partly to attract a female. One unsympathetic individual doubted whether the females could in fact hear the males. He was proved wrong—by putting crickets of the opposite sex out of sight and giving them a telephone to play with.

Nevertheless most human beings cannot hear all the vibrations in a chirp, and some people are completely deaf to them, because there are often more than 30,000 vibrations per second. There are three schools of thought about crickets. In Uganda they are eaten as delicacies; the Chinese keep them as pets for their music, and in this

moment is not to join in the panic rush from gilts into equities. Within gilt-edged stocks, they should move out of irredeemable securities such as Consols and War Loan into stocks with a redemption date. That can be done without undue loss of income.

There are some eligible equities which give a reasonable immediate yield, as for example Shell, on which a well covered 5½ per cent return can be obtained.

Finally, there are some unit trusts tailor-made for trustees who look for reasonable prospects of growth and a fair income. Crosby Income units in the Save and Prosper Group give a yield of just over 5½ per cent. In the Commonwealth group Orthodox units yield nearly 4½ per cent, while Falcon Trust units yield just under 5½ per cent. These three also provide the diversity of interests for which trustees should be looking.

—LOMBARD LANE

* * *

country a coroner passed a verdict on a sanitary inspector to the effect that he had been driven to desperation and suicide by the drains and crickets.

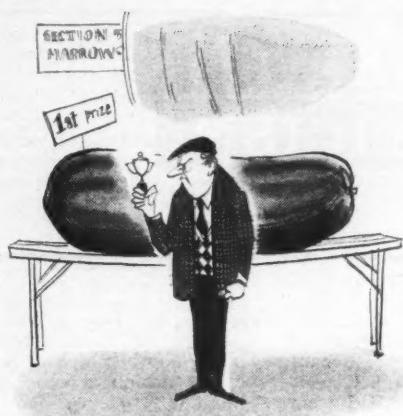
Crickets make good thermometers, on the principle that if you count the number of chirps in a quarter of a minute and add 40 the result should be the temperature in degrees Fahrenheit.

The reason why hunting for a cricket in a house often seems such hard work is that rubbing one wing over the other (always right over left) can turn a cricket into something of a ventriloquist. It's done by pressing the wings against the side of the body, and the result is that from wherever a chirp comes, the cricket is somewhere else.

When not chirping, crickets are staunch fighters. At mating time there is many a fight between two young bloods for a bride, though often this is not a gallant action, but merely to ascertain which will have the pleasure of eating her for breakfast. Which is a pity, for crickets lay quantities of eggs and are excellent mothers to their young.

It used to be said that a cricket brings bad luck. This may still be true, for whereas most of us are on our guard against moths in the house, a cricket which has lost a battle for a tasty bride may find consolation in having a blow-out at somebody else's expense in a mink coat. Not that they have any particular likes or dislikes; they will take whatever is going, but few of us have enough clothes to let them take their pick with impunity.

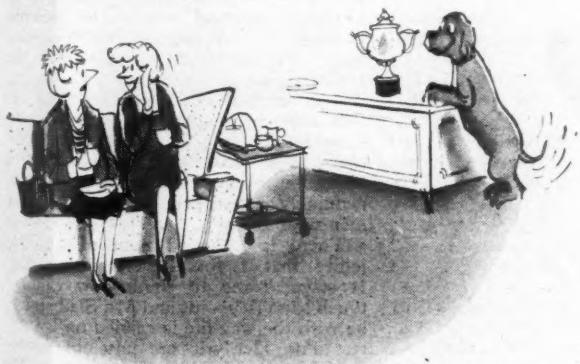
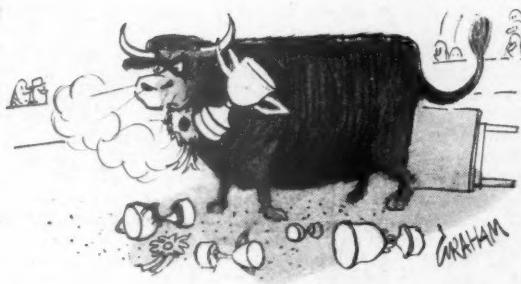
—JOHN GASELEE



CUP WINNERS



"That one? . . . Oh, the wife won it for something."



" . . . best of breed, '57 . . . "



"If I win it again this year I get it to keep."



AT THE PLAY

Richard II (APOLLO THEATRE)
Wildest Dreams (VAUDEVILLE)
One for the Pot (WHITEHALL)

MICHAEL CROFT and his Youth Theatre, which is about to represent Great Britain at the International Berlin Festival and which has already made successful forays to France and Italy, are at the Apollo Theatre for a four-week season. The first thing to say about this extraordinary company is that it is by no means an act of piety to go and see it, for it stands firmly on its own merits of vigour and speech and teamwork. This year its boys and girls are drawn from fifty-five schools; the upper age-limit of twenty-one is only stretched to allow for National Service.

They are doing *Richard II* and

Henry IV, Part II. *Richard II*, produced by Mr. Croft, is well balanced and extremely intelligent. Richard Hampton's performance as the King is remarkable, even for an OUDS star; perhaps his self-pity overflows too much, rising occasionally to a whine that rather kills our sympathy, but his study of a spoilt young king, shrewd but petulant, who is utterly bewildered to find he has lost his crown so easily despite the divine protection on which he relies seems to spring from complete understanding. David Weston's Bolingbroke is admirably matched; he has none of Richard's subtlety, but he is a sturdy man of action who, once the crown is within his grasp, becomes quite ruthless. Colin Farrell pulls off a good double with John of Gaunt, whose great speech he handles bravely, and a Head Gardener of dignity; Neil Stacy is very useful as

the wise old Duke of York, who has to carry the can for everybody, and Paul Hill as Northumberland is the kind of oily yes-man on whom all dictators have to lean.

Mr. Croft's production is refreshingly honest, and the standards of speech and movement he has inspired in his young actors are astonishing. If you don't believe me go and watch the natural animation of one of his crowd-scenes. The décor, by Christopher Lawrence, is simple and impressive.

I was one of those who welcomed *Salad Days*. It was fresh and it was funny. I wish I could say the same of *Wildest Dreams*, which seems to me an indefensible dilution of the talents of Dorothy Reynolds and Julian Slade. As family charades, with all the antic hays brought down from the attic and all its mild jokes thoroughly disinfected, it might have kept a house-party amused for a little, but I am sorry to say it comes very near to being an insult to adult audiences.

All it has for plot is an elderly actress aunt and her gormless niece settling in a film-star's idea of a flat in a Cotswold town and having very halting love-affairs with two young men with sports-cars, a roving reporter and a highbrow musician. These ladies are great dreamers, and their romantic visions come to life on the stage and are reflected in very saccharine song; in the intervals between these girlish droolings we are shown unrelated snatches of the daily existence of this highly improbable town, its musical soirées, its beatnik barbecues and its pub, unrecognisable as such. At one point the girl and the reporter find themselves sitting on his bed at four in the morning, but all that happens is that the reporter eats a sandwich while the girl sings a song about the electrifying experience of being in a man's room, and appears genuinely astonished to discover that men wear shoes.

There is a forced note of nursery jollity that I found very distressing. It staggers me to think how out of touch Miss Reynolds and Mr. Slade must be with the way life is carried on by the rest of us. Her lyrics are quite unremarkable, his music tinkles on and on. The comedy material is terribly old hat; even the restaurant scene depends for its



DOROTHY REYNOLDS as Harriet Gray and JULIAN SLADE at the piano in *Wildest Dreams*

point on a deaf octogenarian and a supercilious waitress. A posse of misshapen spinsters in absurd clothes is thrown in, after the desperate manner of family frolics, in the hope of raising a laugh.

The main share of the comic attack, if it can be so called, is borne by Miss Reynolds herself as the aunt. She relies too much on certain fixed mannerisms, such as a rising inflection at the end of a phrase, and a mock earnestness. Anna Dawson is attractive, but plays the niece monotonously; she is not altogether to be blamed, for the girl is well known to be practically dumb, although she has mysteriously captured a scholarship to Girton. Except that he sings well—they all do that—John Baddeley is not very impressive as the reporter. The only member of the team who caused me any joy was Angus Mackay, who has an individual comic edge and makes the musician an amusing oddity.

It is to be hoped that Miss Reynolds and Mr. Slade will have learned the lesson that mild sentimentalities are not nearly enough.

As two human elephants trampled through my row twenty minutes after the curtain rose I wished that London managers would have the courage of Jean Vilar at Avignon. He shuts out late-comers until the interval, but allows them to watch the action on a closed-circuit television screen. That is more than they deserve.

It is no good being stuffy about Brian Rix's productions at the Whitehall. They are corny, lowbrow and strictly OK for the children, yet three of them have lasted eleven years. The latest, *One for the Pot*, by Ray Cooney and Tony Hilton, sticks to the established lines of broad, rollicking farce; it has no wit and its jokes are painfully simple, about strong drink and men being banged on the head. Nevertheless there are several things in its favour. It moves fast, it has a kind of vitality, and the production mechanisms which enable Mr. Rix, an engaging comedian, to play four brothers and often seem to be in three places at once, are very ingenious.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Infidelity

Of the three films press-shown this time only one was new, and that nothing very special. The others were Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity* (1944), which will no longer be available at the National Film Theatre when these words appear, and Elia Kazan's *East of Eden* (1955), which—if the news that it is reissued in response to more than 63,000 written requests is anything to go by—will probably be available for some time. One could judge popular feeling from the press show, which was



JEAN SEBERG as Claire in *Infidelity*

crammed with young women most of whom were apparently unconnected with the press and many of whom were probably not much older than ten when the film first appeared. It's odd that James Dean, who was simply a good, promising young actor (in this picture very much under the influence of Brando, as I find I said at the time), should have been adopted all over the world as a sort of teenagers' patron saint. But this should not make an older generation belittle him: he was good, and *East of Eden*, his first picture, is quite worth seeing for other reasons.

But the best of the three is the oldest, *Double Indemnity*, shown as one in the National Film Theatre's current season called "From *Gone With the Wind* to CinemaScope." This is still often mentioned as an outstanding example of its kind whenever a comparable murder-and-nemesis story turns up, and except for rather too much reliance on narration (Fred MacMurray talking into that old Dictaphone with the cylindrical records) it would be a classic. I'm glad to have seen it and enjoyed it again after seventeen years.

The new one is French, *L'Amant de Cinq Jours*, or *Infidelity* (Director: Philippe de Broca), which suggests an artificial farce, almost a bedroom farce, treated—for some of the time—in the manner of a sentimental comedy. In places the obviousness and over-emphasis are exasperating, but some of the scenes are beautifully handled. The mixture makes the thing unsatisfactory as a whole, but it's perfectly good momentary entertainment.

Jean Seberg appears as Claire, who has an affair with Antoine (Jean-Pierre Cassel) without knowing that he is the property of her best friend Madeleine (Micheline Presle) until the latter, finding out what they are up to, craftily invites them both to a party that includes Claire's husband Georges (François Périer). Both Claire and Antoine have been pretending to a station in life considerably more interesting and distinguished than what they have to reveal at this uneasy gathering, so that disillusionment sets in, and the piece ends with the implication that everybody gets his or her original partner back.

Those are what might be called the main moves in the game, but detail and imaginative treatment, as well as good playing, hide the artificiality and make quite a bit of the film pleasing and amusing—just as over-emphasis and obviousness make some of it irritating. It is amusing, for example, to see Antoine—after a few secret hours with Claire—stumble with the air of a sleepwalker into Madeleine's proprietary embrace; but it's irritating to have the joke rubbed in with remarks from Madeleine about his being, of course, "rested."

Several of the scenes, nevertheless, are full of charm, several are fantastically funny—notably, the occasion when Antoine uses some unexpected race winnings to give Claire an expensive evening out, scattering banknotes every step of the way to the dinner-table. And Miss Seberg, without whom no French film seems to be complete these days, is delightful—this time with dark hair.

—RICHARD MALLETT



"My feet are killing me."

ON THE AIR

Person to Personality

OVER thirty years ago Beverley Nichols published a collection of elegant tattle called *Are They the Same at Home?*, which must have been one of the earlier documents in the divorce between the public personality and the "real" person, and whose title perfectly expresses the motive behind such programmes as *Frankly Speaking*, *Appointment With...*, and now *Head On*.

It is difficult to find a word to say in defence of these programmes, except that they are fascinating, and even then with the fascination of a perversion. The more effective they are, the worse it is, as the disastrous *Face to Face* with Gilbert Harding showed. There couldn't be a better interviewer than John Freeman, with his clinical friendliness and lack of attachment to any special clique, nor, theoretically, a better subject than Gilbert Harding, an almost "pure" personality—so pure that we wished to pinch him to see if he was real. We did, he was, and we spent the next fortnight arguing whose fault it was. Ours, of course.

Not all personality programmes are so distressing. If there are real ideas inside anybody's skull they may come out interestingly. This is one of the things Malcolm Muggeridge is good at. He is really an ideas man, so much so that he sometimes seems to believe that everybody is exactly the same, and gets out of his depth with someone who isn't, like Muriel Spark. *Frankly Speaking* goes along inoffensively enough, partly because the presence of more than one interviewer keeps the talk off the most embarrassing levels, and partly because, being an irregular programme, it only need go on the air when there is someone worth hearing. The best *Frankly Speaks* I've heard have been those

involving adepts at the more mysterious arts, like conducting, where there is actual hard knowledge to be elicited from the interviewee.

One cannot say that *Head On* was a disappointment, because one couldn't expect much of it from the advance publicity, but it was appallingly bad. The hoppy-skippy method of production, with Randolph Churchill answering filmed comments on him by friends and enemies, prevented any tension being built up between Churchill and his interviewer, Henry Fairlie. It also prevented any proper argument emerging; one can retort to a piece of film but it cannot rebut; and the lack of argument may have been one of the reasons why hardly a single idea emerged during an hour's television. Furthermore the genial Randolph of the filmed extracts gave the whole programme a feeling of cliquishness. Perhaps Churchill is not the ideal subject for this sort of programme, but it would have been much more interesting to see him facing John Freeman and find out whether his defences were as impermeable as Evelyn Waugh's.

— PETER DICKINSON

AT THE BALLET

Ballets: USA (SAVILLE THEATRE)

OF all the arts, ballet has the most enthusiastic enthusiasts, and the very existence of ballet enthusiasts may be a reason why most intelligent people will not take ballet seriously as an art. Expert enthusiasts may be divided into two groups—the gym-mistresses ("Spinks's leg should have been higher in her arabesque") and the pseudo-scholars ("A small piece of mime in Act Two, representing Hans's unwillingness to be transformed into a gnome, was dropped in 1908, and this obscurity of intention remained until the ballet was purified by

Bols in 1961"). Most ballet enthusiasts, however, are not experts, and certainly not intelligent. They have an insatiable appetite for the blue ballets and the Rose Adagio; they collect performances like fag-cards, and they have their own fan-mag. They are like children who want the same fairy story told every bed-time in the same words and will complain if a syllable is varied. Ballet can be reassurance and escape for those who want it, but it can never be intellectually respectable, because it does not demand an intellectual (or even an emotionally true) response.

Yet ballet could be an art, taking human beings as its raw material and some aspect of our common situation as a launching-pad. It doesn't have to be what one Canadian senator, opposing a grant to the CNB, called "A lot of fairies prancing about in long underwear." Cranko, in *The Prince of the Pagodas*, made a gesture towards pointing the difference between myth and fairy story—between *Oedipus Rex* and *Life With Father*. Kenneth Macmillan, in *The Burrow*, has found a source which runs with something stronger than Seven Up. But in general both the attitude of the English fan-public and the insistence by those who run the Royal Ballet and its School that technique is important and acting is not, have combined to make sure that British ballet remains a Christmas Card for most of the time. And so it seems to be in Russia. The Royal Ballet is Gordon Fraser to the Russians' Raphael Tuck.

Then along comes *Ballets: USA*. They try in one ballet, *Events*, to make a statement in their own terms about living in the shadow of the bomb, about boredom in cities, about the white American's love-hate towards the negro. Not a clear intellectual statement, certainly, because ballet doesn't have the vocabulary for that, but a statement of attitudes, a working out of emotional relationships that achieve a kind of catharsis. They bring a ballet, *Moves*, without music, like an essay in criticism, a demonstration of how, so that after watching it one gets a fuller appreciation of the way in which the web of music sustains the action of a ballet. In their *Afternoon of a Faun*, a negro dancer is alone in a class-room. A white girl comes in to practice. He joins her at the *barre*. They dance together, never looking at each other but only straight ahead at the mirror in the fourth wall. He kisses her and she goes away. Finally in their first programme, they gave *The Concert*, the only comic ballet I know in which the audience continually and spontaneously laughs aloud.

These American dancers are not languorous. They have guts and can act. They come this year, as they did in 1959, like an access of blood, if only our ballet Establishment were not Jehovah's Witnesses and would accept it.

— JOHN BOWEN

Booking Office



NOT ON SAD STYGIAN SHORE

By B. A. YOUNG

Zoar. W. H. Salter. *Sidgwick and Jackson*, 21/-

A Life after Death. S. Ralph Harlow. *Gollancz*, 21/-

THIS has been a bumper year for investigations into the problem of survival after death by examining paranormal phenomena, and *Zoar* is among the best of the bunch of books to have appeared on this subject. Zoar, as we all remember, was the city in which Lot took refuge when Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, and Mr. Salter has chosen it as his symbol with reference to Genesis, XIX, 20—

Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: Oh, let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live.

His view of survival is not orthodox. Survival for him is only an extension of that survival of which Samuel Butler wrote—"where dead men meet, on lips of living men"—the difference being that Mr. Salter accepts telepathy as one of the facts of life. This being so, he is able to postulate a group of minds so closely in tune that even after individuals die their thoughts can be retained and transmitted, by one or more of the methods commonly available, trance-mediumship, automatic writing, and so on, not only by others of the group but by outside persons telepathically influenced by the group. But this state of affairs, and the "survival" of the group members, is bound to end when the last of the group dies. Mr. Salter does not care to say what will happen after that. ("Is it not a little one?")

Mr. Salter was an official of the Society for Psychical Research for thirty-five years, a virtual guarantee that he is wholesomely sceptical, scrupulously fair and tirelessly curious. He does not hesitate to acknowledge the occasional stupidities that crop up in his subject; for example, that the famous Mrs. Piper (whose mediumship is actually of importance in his argument) claimed to bring messages from Sir Walter Scott, who declared that there

were monkeys in the sun, and from George Eliot, who said she had met Adam Bede in Heaven. These ludicrous events are easily explicable, however, once you concede that a sensitive mind may be at the disposal of every kind of thought, consciously or subconsciously amassed. (There is a lot about Mrs. Piper, incidentally, in *William James on Psychical Research*, edited by Gardner Murphy and Robert O. Ballou, briefly mentioned in these pages on July 19).

Another book recently noticed here, Stephen Findlay's *Immortal Longings*, reaches conclusions not unlike Mr. Salter's, but throws in the factor of precognition. If you assume that more-or-less free movement along the time-dimension is possible in certain circumstances, then you can prolong Mr. Salter's *Zoar* indefinitely, or at any rate as far as precognition can stretch, and no one knows how far that is. You can also, according to Mr. Findlay, create a kind of immortality in the mind, such as is suggested when the proverbial drowning man sees his whole past flash before him.

Dr. Harlow's book is, alas, on a far lower intellectual plane, albeit the doctor was a pupil of William James. Dr. Harlow believes everything he sees and hears, from his own vision of angels floating ten feet above a Massachusetts wood to the spiritual origin of "Patience Worth's" novels. One feels



that he could easily be persuaded that there were monkeys in the sun. When the church begins to justify its dogma by science it usually comes a cropper; when it adopts the claptrap of commercial "spiritualism" it is worse. As Mr. Salter tells us—

It is a common occurrence . . . for a tambourine to be shaken, ostensibly by the communicating spirit. The number of persons addicted to this practice in life cannot be considerable. It is a habit which, if the phenomena are genuine, we must suppose we adopt when we join the Choir Invisible.

Dr. Harlow's spirits move ashtrays instantaneously through a hundred miles, bring dewy roses as "apports", inhabit calculating horses, say things like "Through the mists and into the sun, and you are here"—

In one case [Father] Tobe had . . . brought a heavy wrought-iron ashtray from Chicago to New York City while the Macbeth group was singing the first stanza of "Nearer My God to Thee."

This is hardly very stimulating to the belief. *Credo quia impossibile* is better.

NEW FICTION

The Exile of Capri. Roger Peyrefitte. *Secker and Warburg*, 18/-

The Key. Junichiro Tanizaki. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6

Needle. Hal Clement. *Gollancz*, 13/6

There is some idea about that M. Peyrefitte is an important writer, witty and sensitive and all that, but it won't get much of a boost from *The Exile of Capri*. This chronicle of the gay society of Capri at the start of this century makes a big show of sophistication, drags in every homosexual scandal of the period by the heels, names every fashionable queer in Europe, and yet the effect is ineffably naïve. It is not helped by a translation that is flat and occasionally illiterate ("rooves", "liquefaction") or by misprints on every other page.

Put it this way: *The Exile of Capri* ranges the whole gamut of laughter from the titter to the snigger, and is a definite must for everyone who enjoys books about decadent aristocrats debauching little boys. Recommendations on other grounds should be treated with reserve. Fortunately there is always *South Wind* on the bookshelf.

Mr. Tanizaki describes a most extraordinary Japanese quadrilateral: husband (55, undersexed, voyeur, foot-fetichist); wife (44, oversexed, but trained from girlhood to restraint); wife's lover; and a daughter with the instincts of a pimp. Husband and wife diarize like a pair of Tolstoys, though more secretly. The story is presented in alternating passages from the two diaries, and the constantly implied question whether either diarist is reading the

other diary adds an extra element of tension. Finally the husband dies and the survivors set up a sinister *ménage à trois*. Although sexual activity is described constantly, the formal, ceremonious way in which everything happens drains the story of offence. If Japanese life today is really like this, there must still be regions unplumbed since before Commodore Perry sailed into Uraga harbour in 1853.

Needle is Gollancz's SF choice for August, which confirms my suspicion that in spite of all *Punch*'s efforts SF is still in a bad way. Two animated jellies from outer space crash near a Pacific island, the one (a goodie) in pursuit of the other (a baddie). They have the misfortune to be symbiotic, like the polyzon and the sea-slugs. The goodie takes as host a teenage boy called Bob, and the rest of the story is devoted to the search for the creature in which the baddie has ensconced itself. If I don't tell you the solution, it's only because it is so conventionally unlikely that it would be mean to the author to do so. The author merits a certain amount of meanness, though, for devising so promising a situation and then working it out like a second-class Jules Verne, boy hero, pontifical expository conversation and all.

—FREDERICK FLANAGAN

Mothers and Daughters. Evan Hunter. Constable, 21/-

Amanda, Gillian, Julia and Kate: here is a quartet of books in one, spanning three generations and nearly thirty years. Amanda and Gillian are college friends, Gillian is the mistress of Julia's son, Kate is Amanda's niece, and, constantly, the lives of the four women cross and recross. This is a book large in scope as well as bulk, a book that is also large in sympathy, and catches the moods of love with all their gaieties and misunder-

standings, all their bitterness and heightened awareness. This is not a comfortable book, with four happy endings: it is pensive and nostalgic and it is, I think, particularly good at catching the bitterness of wisdom after events. Since Mr. Hunter is downright and very readable, I found *Mothers and Daughters* a satisfying novel: a bright and changing kaleidoscope which retained a constant meaning. A good guinea's worth, which should give you an absorbing day or so on the hammock or the beach.

—JOANNA RICHARDSON

RUMI REDIVIVUS

Tales From The Masnavi. A. J. Arberry. Allen and Unwin, 28/-

It is odd that so massive and so important a work as the *Masnavi* of Jalal al-Din Rumi (1207-1273) should have remained virtually unknown to western readers, other than students of classical Persian literature. The *Masnavi* is an immensely long didactic and religious poem (25,000 rhymed couplets), a kind of adaptation of and commentary upon the Koran; Mr. Arberry has extracted from this vast *œuvre* a number of illustrative anecdotes, parables and cautionary tales with which Rumi enlivened, at intervals, his diffuse and often obscure exposition. Many of these have great charm, and show that their author possessed inventiveness, wit and a gift for narrative. One is reminded by turns of *Æsop* and of the Arabian Nights, and one wonders why these pleasing fables, suitably adapted, should not similarly have become a children's classic, quite apart from their appeal to the adult reader.

Mr. Arberry supplies a scholarly and informative introduction, and the translation, a judicious blend of archaism and argot, strikes just the right note.

—JOCELYN BROOKE

STENDHAL, MAN AND MYTH

The Man of Sensibility. Jean Dutour. Macmillan, 21/-

This is a most peculiar book in the progressive individuality of its pattern and purpose. Inspired by Merimée's "disorderly and scrappy" notes about Stendhal, which he annotates with remarkable perception, M. Dutour (philosopher, publisher, author and resistance hero) contemptuously avoids the biographical convention in his examination of man and myth. The result is remarkably vital. Apart from the richness of his Stendhal portrait, which is a stimulating analysis of the temperament of genius, the method employed in this investigation produces a lively philosophical and moral commentary on contemporary society, with, naturally enough, particular stress on France's aesthetics and conventions.

Ironical and shrewd notations on love, friendship, literature, art, war and peace, as such matters affected Stendhal, Merimée and their contemporaries, are brilliantly matched to present-day values. (Incidentally Merimée has never been so alive, so real, as seen here through M. Dutour's love for Stendhal.) Stendhal apart, the revelation of Jean Dutour and his opinions offers a positive joy. Here is a man with a lovely vigour and a wholesome grasp of essentials. The title is misleading, especially so since sensibility has acquired a flabby connotation; sense is more apt for this most surprising and rewarding book.

—KAY DICK

COAT OF MANY COLOURS

Green Memory. L. A. G. Strong. Methuen, 30/-

"You seem to set particular store by this quality, Strong" (the quality of kindness) "... How did you acquire this abject attitude?" The quizzical questioner quoted in this delightful autobiography is Humbert Wolfe. The quality he singled out is the one which pervades *Green Memory*, though to be sure there is nothing abject about it, nothing of any self-interested wish to please which Wolfe mistakenly might have suspected.

Indeed for an autobiography (alas unfinished) this is an almost culpably un-self-interested book. His own early life in Devon and Oxford does of course provide the framework. But he characteristically neglects himself in order to portray, with affectionate understanding, his many friends. His father, his schoolmasters (Dawson of Brighton College outstanding), the Garsington eggheads orbiting eccentrically round Lady Ottoline Morrell, F. C. S. Schiller the psychical researcher, all those mad wags from Ireland (Strong had roots in Dublin as well as Devon) with Yeats in splendid pre-eminence—all these, with pugilists and singers weaving and blowing in the background, come to life and bear witness to the many-sidedness of Leonard Strong's talents.

—DAVID WILLIAMS



"Look! no hands!"

NEGLECTED COMEDY

The Plays of Courteline. Translated by Jacques Barzun and Albert Bermel. Heinemann, 8/6

The work of Georges Courteline (*né* Moinaux) is absurdly little known in England, though a Metro station named after him bears witness to his high standing in France. He died in 1929, and for forty years was one of the most esteemed and successful playwrights in Paris, turning out twenty-eight satirical comedies, the best of them, apart from *Boubouroche*, of one act. The scourge of bureaucracy, he had had a long spell in the Ministry of Culture, where he gave a colleague half his pay for writing the one daily paragraph that was expected of him. His other targets were courts of law, the army, café life and domestic imbroglios. A great friend of Feydeau, he was deeply suspicious of women, and very modest.

Five of his most typical plays are collected in this volume, very well translated and with an excellent introduction by M. Bermel. They are still so amusing and so economical in characters and settings that they should be a welcome find for amateur companies.

— ERIC KEOWN

LIVING AND PARTLY LIVING

This Business of Living. Cesare Pavese. Peter Owen, 30/-

Pavese was born in 1908 and this diary covering his life from 1935 to 1950 now appears in English for the first time. Like most writers of journals he was an egotist and the range of his appreciation very narrow. "Two things interest me—the technique of love and the technique of art," he wrote, to which one might add loneliness and the contemplation of suicide. He was "unable to find pleasure in the things ordinary men enjoy," preferring what was "strange and somehow shocking . . . and the bizarre." His preoccupation with the only modes of love he ever experienced, the unfulfilled or the unrequited, inspire observations which are often acute. What he has to say about literature, a field in which his talents were richly rewarded, is curiously flat and banal. At the age of 42, finding the contrast between his success as a novelist and his failure as a lover too painful, he swallowed the overdose of sleeping pills with which he had been toying for twenty years. An uncomfortable and moving book.

— WILLIAM HUGHES

JUVENILIA GEORGIANA

The Georgian Child. F. Gordon Roe. Phoenix, 15/-

This successor to *The Victorian Child* wanders agreeably between the period of Anne's son, the Duke of Gloucester, and the childhood of old men Mr. Roe knew as a boy. It would be a pity if its circulation were restricted to the school

library: lightly and astringently it covers a tremendous amount of information. Mr. Roe is interested in cradles and petticoats and the early life of Grimaldi and chapbooks and toys. He can quote limericks printed as early as 1821 or a Georgian novel that, talking of carriages, dismisses the tilbury as "mean and matrimonial."

In the next edition it might be worth while to add a chapter drawing the threads together and showing the evolution of children's lives as a whole. Following hats and games and schools through the period separately, one finds it a little difficult to see the child of 1720 or 1790 or 1830 in the round. There are good illustrations, both drawings by Iris Brooke and photographs. A final appetiser: boys used to buy oysters out of their pocket-money, a penny a gulp.

— R. G. G. PRICE



BLOOD COUNT

Beware of Midnight. John Welcome. Faber, 16/-. Mild young cricketer, once falsely convicted of manslaughter and now vegetating as small-town estate agent in Eire, sets out to find why he was framed. Some Buchanan gallivantings lead him to a Fascist-cum-Black-Mass (hal) organisation in Spain. Affable drivel, really, but it rackets excitingly along and the characters are very well done.

A Rush on the Ultimate. H. R. F. Keating. Gollancz, 15/-. Another rum do from our first out-and-out impressionist whodunit writer. Eight extreme "characters" meet at prep-school during hols for a week's serious croquet. Broadmoor escapee hides in boot-hole. Murder is done, and detected by no-nonsense Australian usher. Detection negligible, but some very funny bits if you can stomach the style.

Too Many Clients. Rex Stout. *Crime Club Choice*, 12/6. Priapic New York businessman found shot outside ludicrously lush love-nest he maintained. Endless beauties drop in to retrieve incriminating articles as Wolfe and Goodwin (both less

tiresome than usual) try to turn a shady buck from knowing more than the police do. Conclusion a bit jumped-to, but a great improvement on some recent Stouts.

News of Murder. Anthony Lejeune. Macdonald, 12/6. Big-time crime reporter and earnest girl from highbrow weekly achieve scoop after scoop in flushing out drug racket until the villain's assassin is after them too. Easy reading, and Fleet Street a bit more convincing than sometimes.

Confession. Harry Carmichael. *Crime Club Choice*, 12/6. Deathworthy member of eternal triangle gets his deserts. The deed is slowly led up to, and the trial impressively done, but the solution a bit beside the point. Compelling reading, but lies rather flat on the memory afterwards.

The Cross-Roads. John D. Macdonald. Robert Hale, 10/6. Ex-employee of big mid-American motel-complex seeks revenge on family who own it by planning to hijack grandad's huge savings. A thoroughly competent documentary, especially good about the running of the car-happy business, marred by one horrid coincidence.

— PETER DICKINSON

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FOR WOMEN

Collections Recollected

THE spreading practice of giving English names to French couture creations is either an act of homage to the American buyers or a simple mirror-image of the British snobbery which prefers a French nomenclature for things fashionable or frivolous. At any rate this "Anglo-Saxon" trend was very noticeable at the recent collections. It didn't make things easier, for the black-clad priestesses announced the English words with a sharp Parisian accent. And while Dah-veed Cop-pear-filled and Vamm-blee were fairly easy to sort out, it came as a shock to realize that what sounded like Huis-Clos actually meant Wicklow.

The effort of bi-lingual thinking precipitated the mental collapse which normally starts on the Wednesday afternoon of Collection Week, reaching its peak with the last show on the Friday night. Also, next winter's colours, those weird shades of dusty puce, tired olive and disenchanted plum one normally associates with curtains in a maiden aunt's home, provoked attacks of colour dumbness. Unlike in colour blindness you see the wretched shade all right but can't for the life of you think of its name. So you quickly try to think of a similarly coloured object you may be able to name. That open-front suède skirt disclosing a knee-long pair of thick knitted drawers—what does its colour remind you of? Ginger? Curry? Sulphur? Mustard? None of them seems right. Pumpkin—at last the correct association explodes in a tired lobe. "Pretty shade of sunflower," says a bored voice on the left. All self-confidence gone, your colour dumbness

becomes absolute. Mercifully the next ten dresses are black.

Sheer fatigue blunts the eye. This time we were supposed to sit through, observe and record forty-one shows in five days. Thanks to coinciding times this grand total shrank to twenty-five or so. The French contingent, rather older than the foreign *corps*, showed most endurance. Perhaps French-women are born with a natural ability to sit comfortably on excruciating chairs for hours on end, taking in and remembering ineffable details and reaching brilliant conclusions at the drop of a pleated chiffon cap. I observed the French colleagues enviously. One or two were very old and so frail that I felt like fetching them rugs and cushions, but their absurd straw hats and 19th-century canes kept cropping up everywhere to the bitter end. In every age group French fashion ladies wore the expert air of their "tricoteuse" forebears who could guess a nobleman's precise pedigree from his attitude to the guillotine. Inversely, a foreign reporter could tell a designer's success or failure from the frequency with which the ladies looked at their watches during the second half of the show.

I wonder whether any foreign fashion writer can ever get detached about those murderous twice-yearly couture rituals. The stage management is too perfect, the props are too enchanting. We all know that the whole thing is a vast commercial enterprise, but in that completely unnatural microcosmos decorated with carnation-bearing orange trees and jet-black gladioli one likes to be taken in. Let's pretend it's real, couturiers only exist for the sake

of art and beauty, the millennium of women is at hand, after Collection Week we'll all be lovely, elegant, slender and aloof, like the model girls who eye us so disdainfully from the floor. We'll have our grey flannel jackets lined with chinchilla; we'll order the newest mink coats made of shaved pelts—quite hideous but *le dernier cri*; our autographed shoe lasts will join those of Juliette Greco and Sophia Loren, casually lying in a corner of Dior's shoe salon; this time it's going to be different, we'll be brand-new and happy. Then comes the anti-climax, rather like the present one. There's been no miracle; all that remains is a desire for slacks and sweaters, and some gentle melancholy.

Who knows how long the *haute couture* will keep its hypnotic power? There are cracks on the dove-grey walls. The "*nouvelle vague*" has hit the Faubourg St. Honoré in the person of Jacques Esterel, BB's couturier, self-confessed artisan and a godsend to the non-suicidal members of the Sagan world. M. Esterel who combined the top halves of 16th-century costumes with black stretch tights, besides knotting a whole fox-skin, raw and untanned around a model's neck while attaching borzoi dogs (live) to tartan suits, proved too gimmicky for the faithful. His exploits set the crystal chandeliers chattering; he had joined forces with a cartoonist to produce his new collection; he had spiced his hand-out with jokes; he plays the guitar almost non-stop and writes children's songs. "This isn't couture," said a French anti-new-wave lady after the show, trembling with indignation on the sacred pavement of the Faubourg. Perhaps it wasn't. A few more heretics who think clothes are for fun may kill the myth forever.

Another week or two and I'll have recovered from the after-effects of Collection Week. Obediently I'll buy winter clothes which, to quote M. Balmain, will "allow her to indulge in those daily activities that her fortune grants her the privilege to ignore." True, I'll be eccentric enough not to ignore them. Without some sort of activity the five months that separate us from the next Paris collections would be too long to bear.

—BEATA BISHOP

Children Seen and Heard

I WAS disturbed, but not surprised, to learn from a recently published book that communication between parents and children was not only dwindling, but fast becoming extinct. The trouble with children is that they spend most of their time yapping about trifles. Can I have a biscuit? Can I have sixpence? Can I have a drag of your cigarette? and it takes nerve and persistence to engage them in any kind of sane discussion. Asking what they did at school is a well-known trap and equally abortive is enquiring where they've been, although perceptive parents glean a great deal from the way they say "Out." If they snap the word and shrug disagreeably, either the gang didn't turn up or else they've lost all their pocket money. If they say it slowly and with a diabolical grin, then put out the lights and lock all the doors.

Of course, there are always the enervating Saturday conversations to look forward to and I spend most of the week sharpening my wits for these doomed encounters. First one starts around mid-morning with a cool, smiling devil of eleven:

"What do you mean, *do* something about my room—what's wrong with it?"

Full Circle

DOING the wash to-day
I meditate about
The rather curious way
That progress can make out.

I mean, if you could see
Me wash this shirt you'd gauge
That mentally I'm pre-
The great Non-Iron Age;

Haven't got round as yet
To shirts that need technique—
The do-not-wring-when-wet—
Just-shake-and-hang-mystique—

Whereas, in fact, I've gone
Past that; *my* method's how
You deal with shirts once non-
Iron but non-non now.

— ANGELA MILNE

"Well, for a start, look at the floor. Is there any reason why it should be littered with wires, batteries, spanners, drills, Meccano, sweet wrappings, empty bottles, lumps of plaster, bicycle wheels, bicycle chains, tins of oil and . . . good God! what is that car battery doing in your bed?"

"That's not a car battery, that's a rotary transformer."

"I don't care what it is—get the filthy thing off the eiderdown—how can you sleep with a great lump like that in the bed?"

"I don't sleep in the bed. Who says I sleep in the bed?"

"I suppose you hang batwise from the ceiling?"

"Hey—! Now that's a good idea. If I screwed in a couple of pulleys, and I've got some rope somewhere . . ."

I leave him swaying on top of the wardrobe, drilling holes in the ceiling and consider I won that round on dignity alone. Well, dammit, I could easily have stunned him with the rotary transformer couldn't I?

A sharp battle of semantics is fought

out around lunchtime involving an unusual child of nine. The difficulty with him lies in the fact he is interested in the exact meaning of words, whereas I am only interested in getting rid of him:

"There's never anything to do," he complains, watching me sagging over the cooker.

"Why not take a bath?" I suggest.

"Where would you like me to take it?"

"Very well," I say, all charm and control. "Go upstairs, take off your clothes, run the bath and get into it."

"What if the bath doesn't want to go for a run?"

"OK. Forget it. You can lay the table for me."

"How can I do that? I'm not a bird."

"You're asking for a smack round the head."

"I'm not asking any such thing, I'm just asking how can I possibly lay a table—not even an albatross can do that."

I forget what I say after this, but father says, "Why don't you stop baiting that boy?" Frankly, I'm not surprised parents no longer talk to their children, and one more remark like that from father and I don't speak to him either.

— JOAN HARBORNE



"By the way, what are you doing tonight?"



TOBY COMPETITIONS

No. 179—Rhyme First

COMPETITORS are asked to write a poem of not more than twelve lines. They can use any subject and any metre but the rhymes must come at the beginning of the line, not the end.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, August 23.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 179, *Punch*, 10 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 176 (SPC?)

Some excellent objects to which a new Club, Society or Association might devote itself were proposed. Both the Peaceful Elimination of Oafs and the Suppression of Transistor Radios in Public Places are appealing aims; but on the whole missionary zeal outran the dignity inherent in language framed by a committee.

The winner is:

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- (b) To nominate candidates for, and determine the winner of, the Farthingbottom Award (see Clause 3a).

Clause II. MEMBERSHIP:—

Membership is confined to those who work in insurance, but those outside are not debarred.

Clause III. AWARDS:—

- (a) An annual award, known as the Farthingbottom Award, will be made to the members whose policies most nearly conform to the Association's motto of *Sans Erreur et Sans Rapproche*.
- (b) These awards remain the property of the Association and may not be assigned, pledged or given in credit.

Following are the runners-up:

1. The club shall be called the $\theta = \phi$ Club.
2. The purpose of the club is the simplification of mathematics and the natural sciences.
3. The purpose of the club shall be fulfilled, bearing in mind the abundance of both θ 's and ϕ 's in complex mathematical formulae and equations, by members maintaining on all occasions that θ and ϕ are the same, thereby permitting replacement of one by the other, with consequent simplification.

G. Miller, 43 Beaufort Road, Kingston, Surrey

RULE 1. EKONIKON (Esoteric Kryptogamous Organik Oo Noes) is an Association of global epidemicity at supra-frontal level having for Object to split blinding bull eternally consequentially upon which none will know ever again what he, or the man next door, is talking about.

RULE 2. The Object (R.1. *supra*) shall be the aim of a course directed to absolute reversal of theoretical or other application of language to expressism metaphysical, elucidatory, humoristic or other.

RULE 3. Maxima of nugatory expression including carbon copies and letters in the press will co-exist with the Object (R.2.

supra) but at all times with consistability of only such trends as will yield irrefragable neutralisation.

Miss M. Chisholm, 25 St. George's Square, London, S.W.1

MEMORIES ANONYMOUS RULES

1. Name. The Name of the Society shall be Memories Anonymous.
2. Constitution. The Society shall consist of Founder Members, Forgetful Members, and Memorable Members.
3. Objects. Objects of Society shall be:—
 - (a) The stimulation of the cheerful art of contemporary conversation as of Now.
 - (b) The Advancement of the Science of Total Non Recall; especially as regards such subjects as:—Descriptions of Dreams; Last Night's TV Programme; Films seen; Radio Funny Stories; Stroke-by-Stroke rounds of Golf; Cards held or played at a Bridge hand; and others of like ilk.
 - (c) To work always to the Motto of the Society:— "Leave me, my Memories!"

Eric Edwards, 25 Wetstone Lane, West Kirby, Wirral

1. The Society shall be named "Kiwi Quellers, Incorporated."
2. The object of the Society shall be the suppression of New Zealanders visiting Britain.
3. Special vigilance shall be directed towards New Zealanders who:
 - (a) object to dogs in hotels;
 - (b) say they have "come Home for a trip";
 - (c) decry the excellent British tipping racket;
 - (d) correct the couriers' dates, (particularly if the dates are wrong);
 - (e) argue with guides;
 - (f) are hostile about the Common Market;
 - (g) wear fern-leaf brooches;
 - (h) insist that they are not Americans;
 - (i) assert that Australia is thirteen hundred miles from New Zealand;
 - (j) complain that London public buildings are grimy;
 - (k) look like Englishmen until they open their mouths;
 - (l) Gaze ecstatically at the countryside.

Mrs. C. E. Watson, c/o Bank of New Zealand, 54 Regent Street, W.C.1

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE IX

is lichen green. From Switzerland this store has pleated fronted evening shirts; from Italy, heavy leather-fronted wool cardigans. On the feminine side the Scotch House has correlating cashmere sweaters and tweed skirts and London Pride Viyella tartan trews and shirts. Also in Viyella are Gorringe's new Sukay housegowns. Liberty's have extended their Silk and Rayon department, which is now self-service. Latest imports include Balenciaga scarves and Italian jewellery, while Robinson & Cleaver now have handmade Brussels lace handkerchiefs.

Until August 19 Bentalls of Kingston have a display of Hawker Aero Engines and models of machines. A Twifit consultant will be in the Lingerie department of this store from August 21 to 24.

MUSIC

Royal Festival Hall. August 16, 8 pm, London Festival's Ballet. *Swan Lake* (Act II), *Romeo and Juliet*, *Prince Igor*, Hungarian dances with guests from Budapest.

Albert Hall. Promenade Concerts, nightly at 7.30.

Sadler's Wells. Revival of Offenbach's *Orpheus in the Underworld*, for four weeks.



GALLERIES



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RESTAURANT SELECTION

The symbol SM = standard meal, arbitrarily chosen as soup, steak, two vegetables, ice-cream and coffee in order to give an approximate indication of price.



L'Aiglon, 44 Old Church St., SW3. Small, smart, amateur in a nice way. Dinner only, incl. Sundays. Bookings FLA 8650. No licence, but pub across the road. SM, say £1.

Alexander's, 138a King's Road, SW3. Comfortable candlelit basement, open for lunch and dinner (dinner only Sundays). Must book—KN 4604. Fully licensed. SM about 25/-.

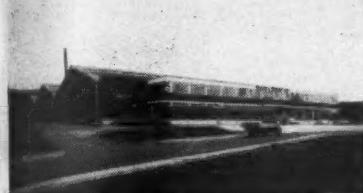
Caprice, Arlington House, Arlington St., W1. Smart, celebrity-spangled. Booking absolutely vital (HYD 3183); not after 11.30 pm, no Sundays. Table d'hôte luncheon 21/6, dinner 27/6.

Casserole, 338 King's Road, SW3. Small, chic casseroles (naturally) a speciality, with jacket potatoes *compris*. Morning coffee, lunch, tea dinner incl. Sunday (Sunday lunches up to about 3.30). SM about 25/-; club licence, 2/6 a year.

THE LONDON COUNTY FREEHOLD AND LEASEHOLD PROPERTIES

PROFITS TAX—"BAD AND INEQUITABLE"

The annual general meeting of The London County Freehold and Leasehold Properties Limited was held on July 31 in London.



Armour & Co. Ltd., Worcester

Mr. Thomas J. Cullen (Chairman and Joint Managing Director) presided and, in the course of his speech, said:

The consolidated revenue balance for the year was £1,731,000, which was £330,000 more than the previous year. After income tax, profits tax and interest, the increase was

£79,000. The Board recommended a total dividend of 1s. 2½d. per 10s. ordinary stock unit against 1s. 1d. last year.

Mr. Cullen added: All costs continue to rise and in particular profits tax at 15% will cost £40,000 more in the current year. This tax is bad and inequitable and falls only on the ordinary shareholders in a Limited Company. I must draw attention to the heavy burden of taxation now imposed on property companies and destined to be increased as from 1st April, 1961. This taxation falls under two heads: Income Tax (mainly Schedule A—Property Tax and Schedule D—Excess Rents) and Profits Tax. The amounts payable for the year under review were respectively £558,459 and £179,564, a total of £738,023. Truly a

substantial contribution to the National Exchequer! In all, this represents just over 10s. 6d. of every pound earned by the Company and over 11s. 0d. from 1st April last.

The annual actuarial sum to cover depreciation or amortisation being taken out of taxed

income costs more than double that amount so long as income tax and profits tax exceed 10s. 0d. in the £. This is an important contributory reason for our inability to expand in the purchase of flats, until rents are even higher. Every tenant in the country should appreciate this and should help us to fight against this discriminating tax.

Mr. Cullen then reviewed the progress of the Company's overseas interests in Canada, Australia and Rhodesia, and concluded:

The year under review has been a very active one and we have every reason to believe that, coupled with our continuing activities, our future prospects are good. The report was adopted.



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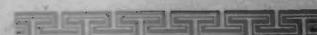
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Punch, August 16 1961

THE CIGARETTE
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Punch
August 16, 1961

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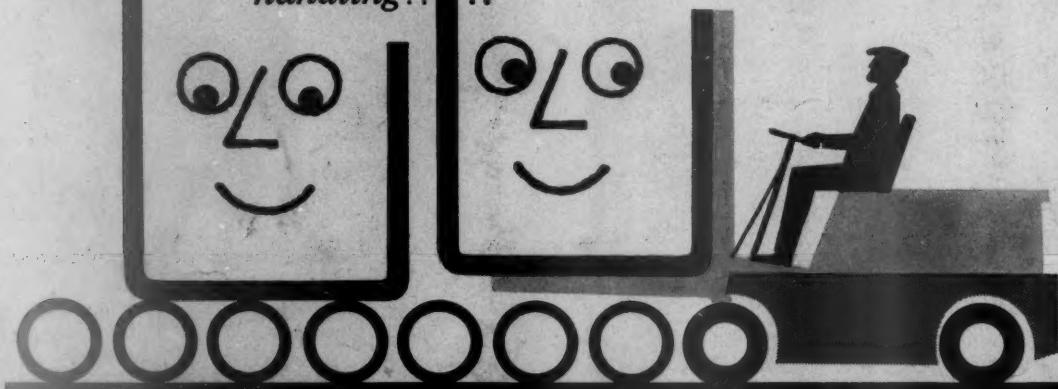
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